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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"We want more men. Every man will be needed in this great life and death struggle in which we are engaged." These words are not, as innocent readers of the Radical and Pacifist Press might imagine, the words of any violent "Militarist", "Conscriptionist", High Tory Junker or Jingo. They were spoken, on behalf of the Government, by Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary of State for the War Office last Monday in his Army Estimates statement—Estimates, by the way, which provide for an army of 3,000,000 men in 1915-1916. For months past the SATURDAY REVIEW has insisted that, to carry through the vast design of the country, to win the war, and to be strong, not crippled, in the settlement after the war, the Government should call up by a fair and impartial and general law the youth and manhood of the country. For insisting on this we have been honoured by plenty of abuse, scorn, and bad names.

The "little Army" men and the blue water school have pointed out that England never was, never will be, a military Power; and that our Allies must be well content with what we are doing at sea and with our contribution of a reasonably strong and efficient Expeditionary Force. The Pacifists and anti-"Conscriptionists" and the Radical Press generally have seen in what we have urged nothing but rank "Militarism" of the Prussian kind; and at least one member of the Cabinet itself has proposed to take the field by and by against us wicked "Tory Reactionists" who are for sacrificing the British race on a horrible altar of blood. And now the Government put up one of their own officials to dot the i's of our most "Militarist" declaration! It is a curious thing that our dull critics did not take the trouble to ascertain the views of their own trusted leaders; and that, apparently, there were members of the Cabinet itself who had no notion as to what the Cabinet thought in the matter. It strikes us that the Radical and Pacifist Press is not a very well-informed one.

For the rest, Mr. Tennant was not explicit as to how "Every Man" who is needed is to be obtained.

We chance to know something of the plan or half-plan that is in the air. It does not, we confess, exactly enthuse us. Ministers still think of their wretched votes. Still, no doubt—in war time especially—half a loaf is better than no loaf; and it is a little satisfaction at least to know that in quite a historic political saying—"We are getting on".

Lord Rosebery's proposal that an exonerating medal should be given to men who have volunteered for service in the Army but been "plucked" in their medical examination has been in many minds for months past. It does not impress us. We doubt the wisdom of dividing the nation into two classes, the medalled and the unmedalled; and what would be the feelings of men a few years above the serviceable age who would have to do without their exonerating medal? They could not very well wear a notice on their persons—"I am over 38 years of age, though I do not look it". Again, what of men under the age in the Civil Service, for example, or on the railways, or in the Government itself? Whether or not there are, or lately have been, men in the last-named under the age of 39 years we do not know and have not enquired; but even if there are not any such to-day, the age may have to be raised by and by to, say, 40, or 45 even; and then there might easily be men in the Government in need of a medal.

The new German effort in the Eastern theatre has led to some of the worst fighting of the war. The Carpathians have been attacked and held by the bayonet. "Bayonet fighting without precedent" is a phrase of the despatch. The German attacks have been made on the North in East Prussia and on the South in the Carpathians—the centre of the German line having been checked and held. The Germans appear to have made only small advances and to have suffered enormous losses. In the Western theatre, though Eye-witness at Headquarters has communicated two despatches during the week, no movement of importance is described. The principal events of the week were a heavy bombardment by the Germans of Soissons, Ypres, and Furnes, and some further severe fighting in the Argonne. The interest of the

despatches from France continues to lie in the glimpses they give us of the life under fire when life at the Front is "normal".

The speech of M. Sazonoff to the Duma ranks with the speeches of M. Viviani and of Mr. Asquith. M. Viviani and Mr. Asquith have declared the determination of France and England to persist in the war until the sword of Germany is broken and Belgium restored. Now M. Sazonoff, speaking for Russia, proclaims that his people will fight to the same end: "The terrible war cannot and must not end otherwise than victoriously for us and for our Allies. We will fight till our foes submit to the conditions and demands which the victors dictate to them. We are weary of the incessant brandishing of the sword. . . . We will fight to the end till we win a lasting peace worthy of the great sacrifices we have offered to our Fatherland".

There was a notable passage in the speech of M. Sazonoff in which he pointed to the future work of Russia: a future based on "a healthy development on the principle of an entire independence of Germany"—a future of sober and persistent reform, social, political, and economic. This is the first actual declaration we have seen that the de-Prussianising of Russia is henceforth the fixed ideal of the Russian Government. "In this direction", M. Sazonoff told the Duma, "the Government had already drafted and was preparing a series of elaborate measures". The faith we have so frequently expressed since August last is now justified. The free national life of Russia, twisted awry by Germany for almost a century, is at last to be allowed freely to assert itself.

M. Sazonoff's review of the relations of Russia with foreign and neutral Powers—Roumania, Italy, Sweden—was a model of courtesy and tact. M. Sazonoff is certainly one of the ablest of living diplomatists. His references to King Edward VII., the prevision with which King Edward provided, as a Monarch who loved peace, against the threat of war, was accurate history, most felicitously remembered. As M. Delcassé this week put it in his parting telegram to our Foreign Office: the action of Germany and Austria has converted a defensive entente of Russia, England, and France into an active alliance. How close an alliance it is, our historians of the future will know. History cannot show a parallel to the unanimity of the Allies—the close-knit of their counsels and the sharing of their resources.

This unanimity reaches a climax in the financial alliance just concluded by the finance Ministers of the three Powers. Virtually this means a pooling of the three Exchequers. The three Powers are committed to a joint guarantee of any necessary loan to Powers which are now fighting or may in future decide to fight in the common cause. The three Governments will act together in purchases from neutral countries, and there is a special clause, into which we do not at present inquire, as to a "parity of exchange" between Russia and the other Allies.

Mr. Asquith's speech in Thursday's debate on the price of food was a very able and clear piece of exposition. He touched briefly on the various causes of the evil. There is shortage of labour, a shortage of shipping, congestion and dislocation of railway and mercantile transport, the huge consumption of the new armies, speculation in America, the closing of the Dardanelles, the failure of the wheat harvest in various parts of the world. Mr. Asquith wisely refrains from the drastic and perilous devices recommended by some Labour members. Germany's experiment with maximum prices has failed, and the experiment would fail even more disastrously in England, which depends on foreign supplies, and is never so comfortable as Germany under a system of commandeering and restraint. Mr.

Asquith's practical proposals virtually amount to a few immediate measures for the increasing of transport facilities. His speech will clear away some of the more deadly fear of the very poor who are suffering acutely from the high prices of bread, sugar and coal. Mr. Asquith expects the position rather to improve than to become worse. But the position is grave, and the prospect of relief is not immediate or certain.

The debate brought out one or two points as to the attitude of the political parties and of the country as a whole. Mr. Asquith expressly disavowed all economic prejudice. He spoke as a practical man. Mr. Bonar Law went even further. He put party and class entirely on one side in his speech on Thursday. Every class in the country must realise that in war time it is bound to pool its resources with every other class, just as the Allies have pooled their exchequers in the common cause. Mr. Bonar Law spoke out as to the "simply enormous profits to be made out of freighting at the present time". These profits are merely the result of the laws of supply and demand. But these laws are not necessarily bound to prevail in time of war. If it can be proved that they are working to the loss of the country as a whole, they would have to be checked.

Sir Stanley Buckmaster's defence of the Press Bureau on Monday went dangerously near the assumption that Ministers are beyond the reach of effective criticism. He spoke as though he had a grievance—as though the criticism he had received was aimed personally at himself. This was quite mistaken. His critics spoke fairly and reasonably. Mr. Bonar Law could hardly avoid the challenge implied in Sir Stanley Buckmaster's manner. He reaffirmed the duty of criticism—a duty which lies upon every member of the House who has special and helpful knowledge. The Government has declared that it is entirely responsible for the conduct of the war. So long as this responsibility continues the responsibility of its critics continues also. Sir Stanley Buckmaster's attitude on Monday was the more unfortunate as it is an attitude which could not for a moment be permitted to intrude into the Bureau of which he is the head. There must be no suspicion, as Mr. Bonar Law insisted, that the Press Bureau is being misused to protect Ministers of the Government from their critics.

Mr. Bonar Law thought it would be well if there were issued to the English Press a bi-weekly bulletin on the lines of the French official reports. This proposal has this week been adopted by the War Office. It will bring system and punctuality into the publishing side of the Press Bureau—qualities that have naturally not hitherto been conspicuous in a board suddenly called to deal with novel duties without previous experience. The duties of this rather informal committee are of supreme importance and of extreme difficulty. We have always supported Sir Stanley Buckmaster in his resolution to err on the side of strictness in preventing the publication of any news which might help the enemy or embarrass our leaders in their military and diplomatic work. But the Press Bureau has not only to suppress news, but to guide the daily Press, to keep the public steadily informed of the truth, to guard the public from being unduly exalted or unduly depressed. Sir Stanley Buckmaster admits the necessity of guarding against undue depression, but the folly and the practical harm of undue exaltation is not so clearly realised either by the Government Press Bureau or by the Government Press. Much "undue" exaltation might have been spared, together with the bitter disillusion which followed it, if the Press Bureau had now and then discouraged foolish optimism or privately hinted, when the facts required it, that all telegrams are not equally to be trusted.

The House of Commons has spent the larger portion of two sittings this week in discussing the inoculation

of our Armies against typhoid. Here we see illustrated not the liberty of subjects, which is a noble thing, but the liberty of imbeciles, which is an affront to common sense. It is lamentable that at a time like this the House of Commons should have to listen while Mr. Chancellor talks on behalf of the liberty of recruits with conscientious objections to spread disease through our Armies. The whole affair of Tuesday last—Mr. Chancellor's share of it, at any rate—tempts the plain sensible man to use what Mr. Chancellor describes as "blasphemous language". The public anger is thoroughly roused against the men who spread silly and disgusting "literature" about inoculation, trying to infect our soldiers with horror and distrust of preventive medicine. For the soldiers themselves we can have sympathy. The few of them who are nursing their conscientious scruples are in an unhappy position. They have been cruelly misled, and they are suffering for it, as all "cranks" must suffer who are a nuisance, and, in this case, a source of danger, to their companions. For the teachers, the imbecile crusaders on behalf of the sacred right of every man to refuse comparative immunity against a deadly disease, we would have no mercy at all.

The House of Commons debate has, at any rate, definitely established the virtue of inoculation against typhoid firmer than ever. We discuss the evidence on another page of the REVIEW. The War Office is driven by the evidence to assume that every uninoculated soldier is a source of possible infection. The disease is infectious before it appears in the patient; and since the disease appears mostly in the uninoculated it follows that in the interests of the public health the uninoculated should be quarantined from the mass of the uninoculated civilian population at home. Practically this means that the leave of uninoculated soldiers must be stopped. There is here no vindictiveness or persecution. It is simply a question of the public safety. An epidemic of typhoid among the uninoculated inhabitants, say, of London would be disastrous.

It would be difficult to imagine a more justifiable use of the ancient *ruse de guerre*, the flying of a neutral flag by a belligerent ship, than is afforded by the hoisting of the American colours by the "Lusitania". The "Lusitania" had American mails and American passengers on board; and no American could think that the national flag was being misused in helping to protect her from a self-declared pirate. The hoisting of a neutral flag by the "Lusitania" might indeed be read as a symbol. The captain's object was to save his vessel, not from an act of war but from an act of piracy. The German Government had just proclaimed that it might not be possible for a German submarine to warn her target of the coming blow, or to save the lives of a civilian crew, or even to distinguish between belligerent and neutral ships. This means that what has happened in the English Channel may happen again elsewhere. Against the laws of war and of the sea, refugee ships, hospital ships, or passenger ships, will be torpedoed at sight when the chance is offered. Every neutral country must feel that such conduct at sea is a threat to themselves. It is the usage of the sea that non-belligerent ships shall be warned and searched before they are sunk. The flying of a neutral flag makes search imperative for a civilised belligerent. There could surely be no better use for a neutral flag than that it should put yet further beyond the pale of humanity any ruffian of the sea who goes about to let fly his torpedoes at hazard.

This ruse of the neutral flag is for sailors a fair ruse. It is part of a sailor's training to recognise an enemy ship, however she be disguised. If he is deceived by false colours, and if the enemy is not—he has met a better informed and more skilful foe, and he fairly pays the penalty. This ruse is on a level with the dummy trenches and guns used in the field. The flying of the American flag by the "Lusitania" would have

deceived no expert seaman seeking fairly to destroy her according to the laws of war. Not only would the "Lusitania" have been recognised, she would also have been inspected in honest warfare. The only real objection to a systematic use of false flags is that neutral countries might reasonably fear that it increased their danger upon the sea. The American Government, in a Note to the British Foreign Office, has urged this point on the attention of Sir E. Grey. There is clearly no resentment felt as to the particular case of the "Lusitania". The resentment is directed towards Germany, which has simultaneously been asked to explain more fully her late declaration of blockade.

The picture drawn by Mr. Holcombe Ingleby, M.P., of motor-cars with powerful headlights dashing to and fro in Norfolk well off the beat of the special constable and signalling to a low-flying Zeppelin is not reassuring. Mr. Ingleby's evidence must be seriously regarded; but Mr. McKenna apparently has not regarded it at all. His answers in the House as to spies in Norfolk was based on the official reports of local authorities, who, according to the evidence, never came within view of the alleged cars or the alleged signalling. Mr. Ingleby charges the authorities with allowing alien motor-cars to run loose and assist the enemy, and he also charges them with not even knowing or seeing what was happening. Mr. McKenna's answer is to say that all must be well because the authorities had been able to account for all the cars they saw!

We are glad to print a letter by Mr. Austin Harrison in our correspondence columns this week—a particularly good letter full of point and knowledge. In this connection we should like to direct attention to Mr. Harrison's very striking and bold article on the same subject in the "English Review" for February. Mr. Harrison's knowledge of Germany was not gained by a fluttered, flattering visit and a luncheon there; accordingly he did not fall into the singular mistake of supposing that Germany wished to live at peace with this country and the rest of the world. He has studied Germany, and has thought about her work and ambitions, and therefore did not go astray.

What are the first essentials in a public man if he is really worth anything to his country? We should say they are perfect straightness of aim and a deep sense of duty wholly unaffected by private interest and the desire of gain or glory. Without these no man, in our politics or public life generally, is worth very much to his country; he may have great, even rare, gifts of speech, tact, imagination, but we shall be wise not to set very much store by them or by their possessor. Lord Londonderry was perfectly straight and had a great sense of public duty. He believed in the causes he advocated. He never shuffled. He dealt not in that vile thing, intrigue. These are very excellent things in a man, and the country has lost a direct and entirely gallant gentleman in Lord Londonderry.

No one could more fitly pay a tribute to Lord Londonderry than Mr. Walter Long, and the "Times" on Wednesday printed a moving letter from him recording an incident of ten years since. When Mr. Walter Long was offered the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland in 1905 he doubted his ability to do the work. He went to consult Lord Londonderry, who told him: "If you will go and would like to have me as your Lord Lieutenant, in order that any difficulties which may exist in that quarter may be removed, I am prepared to resign my office and my seat in the Cabinet, and to go over as your Lord Lieutenant and back you by all the means in my power". We may wonder how many Cabinet Ministers there have been in English history who have offered to resign just to help a friend? Many people, in politics and out, have the talent for friendship—how few the genius! Lord Londonderry's offer implied truly the latter.

our Flag

LEADING ARTICLES.

"THY BRIGHT SWORD, ENGLAND."

ONE of the most glorious scenes in any work of imagination that has ever been is the scene of the forging of the sword in "Siegfried". People are forming various plans for "after the War", some of these being foolish, such as the disarmament largely of Great Britain, and the civic policing of Europe. A sensible and surely a practicable plan would be to enjoy Wagner's "Ring" once more in London, and to show the Germans that we can value their mighty composer without pretending that he was essentially a British product. The sword scene in "Siegfried" is heroic and uplifting. A pacifist himself might be somewhat melted by it. Even those gloomy judges—"Plutonic judges", Carlyle might have styled them—who in our pacifist Press put on the black cap and bid the executioner cut off the head, not of Germany, but of "Militarists" and "Jingoes" at home, and who would like, if we are not much mistaken, to have in the sack the head of at least one great British war organiser—even they must recognise secretly the glory and valour of Siegfried's sword making. To-day an heroic sword scene is presented in almost every corner of the British Isles. There has been nothing like it in our time; there never can be anything equal to it again. We have watched the growth of Lord Kitchener's Army with exultation from its swift start last summer. England has taken down her old sword—grown, like Siegfried's, a little rusty despite its wondrous past, despite its Blenheim, Assaye, Waterloo, and Inkerman—and full fed the furnace. The sparks fly from the anvil to-day in a manner that must stir surely the heart and mind of the most sluggish. It is the same in town and countryside. Go to the heaths of Aldershot, or to the swamps at Wool; to Lyndhurst or to the great Plain where the motor has almost been buried tyre deep at times lately in churned-up "roads" flowing with mud: you see the same scene everywhere of boundless vitality, of teeming manhood; the same scenes of light badinage and chaff—a thing to horrify the serious German mind!—and good-natured grumbling, and heartiness and true fellowship. You see, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the fashioning mightily of the giant sword that presently is to carry through the great design of this country. One has seen the thing of late not only in southern shires, but among the Scottish hills, and it is extraordinarily convincing there. Sydney Smith called Scotland the knuckle-end of Britain—and the knuckle is hard to-day. The Highland spirit is up, and the keenness and martial pride of their splendid regiments are everywhere in evidence; Camerons, Seaforths, Black Watch, and Royal Scots, it is impossible to wander far afield in Scotland to-day without being steeped somewhat in the glamour of that great cult. The regular men have gone to the Front, of course, and are fighting or have fought there with glory; but fresh men take their places. The regiments fill up, and the gaps will all be filled. No doubt there are difficulties, drawbacks in plenty: the difficulty about arms, about officers, and a hundred other difficulties which ought to have been foreseen, would have been guarded against if Lord Roberts had been attended to, and if we had taken Germany at her word in 1912, and faced the issue fair and square. And they are great difficulties, and would be appalling were it not for the immense spirit and devotion of men and officers, the newcomers and the dug-outs alike of all sorts, ages, dispositions, and British nationalities. The Jingo

rhyme of our youth was after all not so wide of the mark: it scarcely erred except as regards the nation it was directed against and as regards the tense—we shall have "the men" and "the money too", as we have already "the ships". The sword is plainly taking shape, and we shall presently see the brightening of it as in the scene of Siegfried.

How has this extraordinary work thus progressed in a few breathless months? The answer is that it has been done, is being done, and will be carried out triumphantly by the fighting grit of our race and by the intense spirit and devotion of our little Army. The Army to-day, the military side of our country, is doing, we believe, all that is humanly possible to bring the Empire through its dire peril and ordeal. But we would urge the other branch, the Civil side, not for a moment to lose sight of this fact—the military branch cannot perform miracles. It must, for complete success, be backed with a devotion and loyalty somewhat matching its own by the purely civilian side, by the home administrators. In the early days of the Peninsular War we know how the genius of the military element was shackled by the half-hearted support of those at home who should have served it. Wellington, again, in much later days, called to men who could not, or would not, hear him; and the tragedy of Roberts is of yesterday. Are our home authorities, our domestic and civilian statesmen, equal to the strain, eager and bold to do at once everything which the military position demands? Are they regardless utterly of votes, of past professions of ardent pacifism, of past speeches which may run counter, absurdly counter, to the work to be done now? That is the question which insists to-day. We look at the Army Debate in Parliament this week for some assurance in this matter. Mr. Tennant, the spokesman of the Government, certainly does not mince matters when it comes to the question of how great is the force we must employ: he says that we shall need every fit man of the fighting age for our task. That is straight, outright, and unmistakable. And how does the civilian power propose to get that force and put it at the service of the Army? Here, alas, we exchange straightness and outrightness for vague hints, for tentative suggestions to Trade Union authorities, for nice ambiguities and counsels of patience, and for a general cloudy impression of waiting to see how events will ultimately shape themselves. It strikes one as a somewhat sorry exhibition compared with the exertions and the heroism of our two great Services.

THE PRICE OF FOOD.

WE look on the rise in the price of food as a grave matter, and we are not at all disposed to hide that opinion. It is a grave matter to several classes and to some hundreds of thousands of households throughout the land when wheat rises above sixty shillings a quarter—we can remember it at Andover market in the late 'eighties or early 'nineties down to seventeen shillings and ninepence a quarter!—and when meat, sugar, firing, and other necessities of life are all up in price, and if anything still tending to grow dearer. But the Prime Minister is, we think, absolutely right in refusing to have anything to do with the scare proposals of Mr. Clynes and Mr. Morison. If the Government were to take any action of the kind at this time, if they were to commandeer the food or to tamper with the exceedingly delicate and intricate questions of price, they would probably cause a panic; and at the least they would cause a horrible confusion all round. It has been argued that

this kind of action is taken in Germany without leading to any disaster, if, indeed, to any serious danger or inconvenience. But this is not altogether true; for Germany's latest experiment in maximum prices has disastrously failed. Even if it had succeeded, that would be no good argument for Great Britain. Germany has a huge home supply of wheat—a fact which makes it a comparatively simple problem to regulate home prices. Great Britain is in a wholly different case. Our supplies are attracted from abroad; and a false maximum price would simply have the effect of keeping foreign wheat out of the country. We have also to remember that Germany has been for generations drilled and disciplined to legislation of the nature now recommended by panicky and ill-balanced politicians here; whereas nothing resembling it has been tried in this country in modern times. It is true we have to-day State action on a scale undreamt of here a few months ago. We have billeting of troops all over the country; regulations of lighting—entirely excellent regulations they are—which apply to our private houses and premises; we have a strict military control of our leading railways; we are challenged by sentries on country roads where ordinarily no soldier is seen from year's end to year's end; and our Stock Exchange has been turned into something resembling a department of State. But, really drastic though such steps appear on the surface, not one of them vitally and intimately affects the ordinary life and liberty of the people; and most of these war arrangements can be regarded with detachment, if not with incuriosity, a few days after they have been made. The action, on the other hand, which a few extravagant alarmists wish us to take in the matter of food would at once profoundly affect and disturb the whole trade and labour market of the country.

The high price of food and firing is, as we have said, a most serious matter; though probably not so serious here to-day as it is in Germany and in other Continental countries. But such wild-cat schemes as those desired by a few crude and half-educated Socialists here would lead us into wild confusion and national disaster. We are relieved to find the Government sound in this matter. We are relieved also to find Mr. Asquith discussing this matter as a "practical man". This is not a time for maxims and doctrines. "I am not speaking with the prejudice of an old-fashioned political economist", said Mr. Asquith on Thursday. Neither private doctrine nor private interest can be allowed to stand in the way of the best and most economic distribution of the country's resources.

In dealing with this question a fortnight ago we pointed to several causes of the rise in prices. These were: (a) a shortage of shipping; (b) a shortage of labour; (c) a shortage of the wheat harvest in various parts of the world; (d) the commandeering of the railways and mercantile marine for military purposes; (e) the closing of the Dardanelles; (f) the enlistment and feeding of the new armies; (g) dislocation and congestion of transports. Some of these causes will prevail so long as the war lasts. Others may be gradually removed. Mr. Asquith, in his survey, dealt mainly with these points, and took much the same view as we do of their gravity. He insisted that the increase in price of the necessities of life was *only partly due* to an increase in freight charges, and that this increase is itself the result of a sudden removal from the world's shipping of all German and Austrian ships, and of one-fifth of the mercantile marine of Great Britain. But the freight question, though one of many causes, is the most important, and is the only one which can immediately be taken in hand. Mr. Asquith gave an interesting concrete case of the direct and immediate effect of the shortage of shipping on the price of commodities. Twenty vessels which had been captured and interned by the Government were set free for the carrying of coal from the Tyne ports. The result was an immediate fall in the freight charges on coal from 14s. to 10s. Clearly the freight question comes first in importance. Mr. Asquith's speech established this beyond dispute, though he was not himself disposed to emphasise that freight prices

largely rule the British market—rule it more despotically than short harvests, or the consumption of the armies, or speculation in New York. The question of freight is the chief question; and it was the question which the House was met really to discuss.

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law disposed once for all of the absurd charge that there is any sort of "ring" or "conspiracy" of shipowners and transporters. But this is not the end of the matter. Mr. Bonar Law grasped the main point for this country firmly and bravely on Thursday. The point is this: the country will not permit any single class or party in the nation to make profit out of the condition of war. Mr. Bonar Law laid this principle down for all classes in the House on Thursday, and it is well that he has done so. It was the one blot on Mr. Asquith's excellent speech that he rather evaded any direct statement of this doctrine—the only doctrine which can safely be allowed to rule in war time. Mr. Bonar Law tells us, as a man of business, that the profits of well-run shipping at the moment are "simply enormous". He also declares that if the present remedies fail to give ease to the markets—remedies such as the release of more vessels, better disposition of ships, etc.—then the Government must face the question as to whether they ought or ought not to regulate the shipping industry. Mr. Bonar Law declared, for himself and his party, that "there is a limit to the profit which we can allow to be made out of this war; and, if that limit is reached, I would be at one with those who say that the House of Commons ought to step in".

We welcome in that statement political courage of a very high quality and an attitude which is absolutely true to the spirit of the country to-day.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S STRAIGHT COURSE.

WHILE the American Government continues to observe scrupulously its neutrality it is clearly the duty of all belligerents to refrain from criticism or appeal. British observers are naturally interested in watching American opinion, and are anxious that nothing should occur to offend or estrange the American people. We value the good opinion of Americans, but it would clearly be a breach of international courtesy to attempt to intervene in American controversies as to the correct policy and leaning of the American Government. We must be satisfied with noting that there are two distinct parties in America—a German and a British party—and with taking care that the case of Great Britain is officially presented to the American public with reasonable truth. This last point is of great importance. The British Government in the present state of parties in America cannot afford to let the British case go by default. It cannot afford to assume that all America is convinced, without further evidence, that the Allied case is proved and justified, and that all German agents are disingenuous. If the American public is not kept officially and systematically informed as to the motives and conduct of the Allies the British public runs a risk of one day waking rather rudely to the fact that there is a powerful and active party in America which is not, and never has been, convinced of the right and justice of the Allied cause.

That there is a strong German party in America is now clear to all who follow American politics. There are as many Germans in America as there are British, and these Germans are using all their influence to turn the opinion of their Government against the Allies. The American public has itself observed that the German party in the United States is acting for Germany in so definite a way that it must be regarded more as a German colony in America than an American party anxious for the welfare and honour of America. It can serve no useful end to deceive ourselves as to the strength and energy of this German party, or to ignore the growing bitterness in America between the German party and the party which openly sym-

pathises with Great Britain and the Allies. It is the duty of the British Press to keep British readers informed of these matters and it is the part of the British Foreign Office to take them carefully into account. Here, however, the part of Great Britain ends. All else must, out of respect for the freedom of judgment and the neutral position of the United States Government, be left to the care of the Americans themselves.

The Americans themselves, however, are free to take sides actively and to publish their views frankly and forcibly. Among the Americans who have done so is Mr. Roosevelt, who has virtually put himself at the head of the British party in America. Mr. Roosevelt goes much farther than any responsible British advocate is at present able to go in recommending the cause of the Allies to his people. He declares outright that America should come into the war on behalf of the Belgian treaties and of the dishonoured conventions at The Hague.* The reasoning whereby Mr. Roosevelt has reached this conclusion strikingly illustrates the noble directness of his mind. He goes straight towards what is for him the heart of the matter and disregards all else. What, he asks, did America mean when America signed The Hague conventions? Did she not mean to guarantee that the conventions would be observed? What is the use of a guarantee if it fails the moment a breach of the agreement is committed? Mr. Roosevelt puts the matter thus:—

"I authorised the signature of the United States to these conventions. They forbid the violation of neutral territory, and, of course, the subjugation of unoffending neutral nations.

"They forbid such destruction as that inflicted on Louvain, Dinant, and other towns in Belgium.

"They forbid the infliction of heavy pecuniary penalties and the taking of severe punitive measures at the expense of civilian populations.

"All of these offences have been committed by Germany. I took the action I did in directing these conventions to be signed on the theory and with the belief that the United States intended to live up to its obligations.

"If I had for one moment supposed that signing these Hague conventions meant literally nothing whatever beyond the expression of a pious wish which any Power was at liberty to disregard with impunity, in accordance with the dictation of self-interest, I would certainly not have permitted the United States to be a party to such a mischievous farce."

Mr. Roosevelt's public declarations on the war are made throughout from an American point of view. We have described him as a leader of the British party, but his sympathy with the Allies is not the result of a leaning towards France, England or Russia. It is the result of his wish that America should live up to his own idea of her true rôle in the world. He draws from what has happened in Belgium the inference that treaties which guarantee neutrality, or arbitration treaties, or international conventions—that all these treaties are scraps of paper, and will continue to be so, unless they are backed with force. Just as Great Britain went to war to prove that the Belgian treaty was not a scrap of paper; so he would have America go to war to prove that the international conventions which he signed as President of the United States are not scraps of paper. His attitude has nothing to do with hatred of Germany or partiality for England. There are, indeed, many eloquent passages in Mr. Roosevelt's book in high praise of the skill, courage, and devotion of the German people. Mr. Roosevelt thinks that to cripple Germany politically would be a "disaster to mankind". He would have America fight, not to cripple Germany, but in order that Belgium's wrongs may be redressed and may never

be repeated. He desires the world to see a great Power, without any material interests at stake, fighting purely to assert that international law is sacred and to be regarded as backed by the armed might of all the signatories.

This is a great idea, and surely the idea of one who is a practical statesman. Mr. Roosevelt clearly realises that international morality cannot be absolutely assured unless it is supported by international force. He would have America come into the war as being prepared to enforce international right. He would come into the war, not out of partiality for Great Britain, but because Great Britain and the Allies stand for the civilised idea he desires to establish. "England's attitude", he writes, "in going to war in defence of Belgium's rights, according to its guarantee, was not only strictly proper, but represents the only kind of action that ever will make a neutrality treaty or arbitration treaty worth the paper on which it is written".

British observers are not free to urge or embellish these ideas. But they may assuredly be noticed as the ideas of one of the most striking figures in the political world of our day. Mr. Roosevelt's writings on the war have been throughout on a very high plane of political thought. He removes the question between the British and German parties in America from the plane of interested intrigue and commercial opportunity; and in doing so he undoubtedly speaks for many of his countrymen. One of the most remarkable events in American history was the way in which the American public was moved in August and September of last year by a disinterested indignation at the conduct of Germany in Belgium. That indignation has since been overlaid by negotiations concerning contraband, discussions as to the correct use of a neutral flag or the purchase of enemy ships—matters of some importance, but tending none the less to obscure the main, generous truth of the whole issue. America is pulled many ways by the war, but the biggest pull of all was the pull of Belgium violated and ruined. It is this pull which Mr. Roosevelt has himself felt and acknowledged in the straight, uncompromising way we have learned to expect of him. He sees what, to the Allies at all events, is the main fact of the war to-day—namely, that half the world is fighting to save itself from lying at the mercy of a Power which has torn up all the treaties that stood in its way, and which, in its war-book, has dismissed all international law as an "amiable delusion". Mr. Roosevelt does not think his country can safely or honourably acquiesce in Germany's contempt for international agreements to which she herself was a party, and he says so outright. Moreover, he is wise enough to see that international law will remain an amiable delusion so long as respect for it is not enforced by strong nations with power in the last resort to make the common conscience of mankind an armed conscience for the restraint of the strong offender. Strength would remain the ultimate guarantor of honour and peace, even though the whole world were united in a league. Mr. Roosevelt has no sympathy with the pacifists. Because he would have America a peacemaker he would have the American Navy strong. There are peacemakers and there are peace-prattlers. Mr. Roosevelt finds two warnings to the world in the present struggle. The first is a warning addressed to all nations to be ready for war. The second is a warning to all nations to sign no scrap of paper that they are not prepared to honour with armies in the field and with navies on the water.

INOCULATING THE ARMY.

WE are glad to note that the handful of members who opposed inoculation in the House of Commons this week disdained the vile argument that doctors advocate inoculation because it puts money in their purse. Mr. Tennant's critics rested their case mainly on the individual conscience and the liberty of the subject. The liberty of the subject is a good principle; but men like Mr. Chancellor reduce it to

* "Why America Should Join the Allies." Published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., Henrietta Street, 6d. net. "America and the World War." Scribner's, New York. 75 cents.

absurdity. The man who contracts diphtheria may have as many conscientious scruples in his mind as he has germs in his body, but the law gives him no right to infect others, and does indeed interfere very considerably with his liberty until he is cured of his disease. Those who object to inoculation might as reasonably object to isolation hospitals, the only difference between the two being that the one is preventive, the other curative. If it is right to prevent the man suffering from infectious disease from communicating it to others, why is it not right to prevent the man from contracting disease in the first instance? The consistent anti-inoculist who argues his case on the ground of the liberty of the subject should logically object to quarantine; why should not the sufferer be allowed to spread his complaint, instead of his freedom being arbitrarily constrained on the diagnosis of a doctor? But the consistent anti-inoculist does not exist. He sees the *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument from conscience, and turns hastily to the argument from fact; but here he obtains small comfort, however much he may juggle with the figures.

In all wars before the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 the losses from disease enormously outnumbered the losses from battle. In the British expedition to Hayti in 1795, out of 18,000 troops nearly 13,000 died from disease, some regiments being entirely annihilated, yet hardly any fell in action. It may be said that this was an operation in a notoriously unhealthy country. But the records of the Walcheren expedition, which rotted away almost on the very spot where our present Army is fighting, are scarcely less ghastly. In the South African War enteric became a more formidable enemy than the burghers in the field after the capture of Bloemfontein. There were in all 58,000 cases of that disease in the British Army, and this, too, in a country which is normally healthy. Those who remember the controversy which arose over that outbreak will recollect that the Army was well provided with excellent surgeons, but had few medical practitioners, although warning had been given of the danger of infectious disease. The lesson we then learnt has not been forgotten. Against the 58,000 cases of typhoid in South Africa we can set the low figure of 421 which Dr. Addison has given as the total of the present campaign. That represents the difference between preventive medicine adequately carried into practice and curative medicine totally inadequate to its work. Curative medicine might have reduced the case-mortality in South Africa had there been more doctors, more nurses, better hospitals, more appliances. But curative medicine could not, and never can, reduce the number of cases. At the best it can only fight a defensive battle against disease; whereas preventive medicine can carry the war into the enemy's camp. It is the preventive medicine of inoculation which has reduced the number of cases from 58,000 to 421, and would have reduced them still further had inoculation been universal; and it is precisely this preventive medicine which the opponents of inoculation distrust. We would as soon believe in the flat-earth theory as in their arguments—sooner, in fact, for the flat-earth theory endangers no man's life, whereas the anti-inoculationists not merely endanger the lives of the whole British Army, but would run the risk of spreading disease through the whole kingdom.

So far as we have noticed, the abominable advertisements of the people who have been trying to prevent inoculation against typhoid have now ceased. But the movement must be carefully watched, otherwise the faddists will be playing vigorously into the hands of the enemy. In our view a strong Government would move at once against these dangerous people, whether it regards them as imbeciles or whether as criminals—some of them may be both—and stamp them out to a man. We daresay that many of them do act in sheer ignorance and are quite unable to understand that the worth of inoculation is quite beyond dispute among intelligent people, a fact scientifically proved, if there is such a thing as scientific proof: but, imbecile or not, they should be none the

less suppressed absolutely till the close of the war at least.

Mr. Tennant, who is well advised by Dr. Addison and the medical officers in France, asserts that the arguments for inoculation are now overwhelming; and Lord Kitchener has found it necessary in the public safety to restrict the leave of absence of those who are not inoculated. The men may have contracted typhoid at the Front and bring it home with them; and, since it is a disease that takes some time to develop, they may communicate it to any or all of those with whom they come in contact here. This restriction of leave is absolutely justified. We cannot afford to risk an outbreak of typhoid in this country, and it is well known that there has been some anxiety among medical men at home as to the prospect of a spread of infectious disease both at the Front and in England.

The opponent of inoculation naturally objects to these restrictions. On the altar of conscientious objection he would offer up Lord Kitchener even as Sir William Byles, who openly declares that it is a misfortune to have a man at the head of the War Office untrained in Radical principles. The man who carries typhoid, it seems, may kill himself and hundreds of others; but his liberty, his leave of absence from the trenches, must not be interfered with, lest his conscience be offended! We are glad to observe that the Government and the War Office have no patience with these people. Their arguments, if such they may be called, collapse entirely on examination. Their medical theories will not survive the test of fact. Their attacks on doctors as interested parties occupied in pushing a quack cure are indignantly repudiated by all decent people as a libel on a great profession; and their appeal to liberty and conscience has no effect on a nation which knows that crimes are sometimes committed in the name of liberty and that conscience would in this case mean catastrophe. The opponents of inoculation are, of course, simply helping the enemy.

KILLING THE KAISER WITH THE MOUTH.

IN the debate on the Press Bureau this week Sir Stanley Buckmaster said that it was part of his duty—in fact, one of the first duties of his office—to stop the publication of news "calculated to unduly depress the people of this country". We agree. The incorrigible pessimists—if there are any in this country to-day—should not be allowed "to unduly depress the people of this country". But a more considerable danger just now—and an almost incessant nuisance—is not from incorrigible pessimists, but from incorrigible optimists; and the Government might make some attempt to persuade from their levity these people, who seem to be chiefly of their own faithful following. They apparently abound on the Government side. We are perpetually meeting with them in print, and they appear to be hardly less abundant in the flesh. At the moment their Mark Tapleyism is prodigious. They announce *viva voce* that it is all over with Germany, that the inevitable financial collapse of the enemy is due by Midsummer Day. On 24 June Germany has to pay up, it seems—that is, if she has not done so by 1 April. Then we are all to be quite cosy and live happily ever afterwards—peace having been proclaimed in perpetuity throughout the world, and the armies and navies of the nations having been generously pooled and converted into a kind of amateur and volunteer Special Constabulary with well-concealed truncheons.

This is the *viva voce* version. Then there is the incorrigible optimist who, not content to wait a bit and see till Germany is in financial collapse on Midsummer Day, insists morning after morning—and evening after evening—in dealing Germany an endless shower of staggering, all but final, blows in the field. We admit that we view this optimist with specially unfriendly eye, having once been victimised by him—namely, when he announced the brilliant, smashing,

pulverising defeat of the German Army at La Bassée in such trumpet tones that we thought there must, for once in a way, be something in it.

Surely the Government might try—by a little persuasive "pressure"—to prevent its friends unduly exalting the public as it would prevent them from unduly depressing the public. The effect of all these triumphs and decimating victories is, we are sure, a bad one on the public. It is as bad as supplying frequent alcoholic "nips" to a person addicted to drink—"nips" to keep up his spirits and make him feel quite easy and comfortable.

We wholly agree with the view of M. Rodzianko, the President of the Russian Duma: as he said in his noble speech to the Duma this week, the Allies are bound in the end to overcome Germany and Austria. We have never had a moment's doubt about that. We must prevail, whilst we stand together, because our resources will prove far mightier than Germany's, once we draw on them. But we shall not prevail by bluster and boast; nor by closing our understandings to the plain, known and disagreeable truth that Germany to-day (1) is not starving or anything like it; (2) is not honeycombed by rebellion, but, on the contrary, presents a bold united front to our armies; (3) is not bankrupt, but, on the contrary, has a great store of gold against the next year or so, and is, indeed, now lending gold to Bulgaria; (4) is not fainting for want of men, but, on the contrary, is training and arming new and great forces for the approaching spring campaign.

So long as a large number of people are deceived by the extravagant pæans of victory in the—lately peace-at-any-price—Ministerial Press, they will under-estimate the power of the enemy; and under-estimating that power can only serve to lengthen the war.

There is one other matter about which we would deprecate over-confidence in this country. We said some time ago that all decent feeling in America is wholly for the cause of the Allies. We do not go back on that. In the full sense of the adjective, all decent people in the United States, who have grasped the truth of the war, hate the brutal crimes of Germany. But it must not be forgotten that there is a great German population in the States, and that the American Press is largely tinged with its views. We read in this country little but the extracts from a few New York papers, and New York is admittedly on our side. Chicago papers, for example, tell a very different story. We believe there is only about one important newspaper there which is really on our side—and that is a paper conducted with high spirit by one who is British, and who once, we believe, sold newspapers in the London streets! Great Britain had no use for him, so he emigrated to the United States and has succeeded there greatly. Many American newspapers and people are uninformed as to the truth of the war. We are afraid our Government has not been very skilful or enterprising in the matter of American opinion and sympathy. It seems to have organised nothing like an information service, and, as we have said before, the Government's publication department—if it can be said to have one—seems to be spasmodic and unscientific. If the public here were to see even a few of the newspapers published outside New York, it would not be quite so happy as it is about America. We must, indeed, beware of boasting about our conquest of American opinion so far as its Press goes—and in America the Press goes very far.

We hope the Government will see its way, first, to intimate gently to its own journalistic entourage that a little less hollalaing about German holocausts (which even occur sometimes, it seems, in the rivers!) and Austrian debacles would be discreet without being "unduly depressing"; and, secondly, that it will keep its eye on the American Press, and perhaps take American opinion a little more into its confidence.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 28) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

"In war we must often fall short of the line we have drawn for ourselves".

THESE words of Clausewitz, used in 1812, in a conversation with a superior on the occasion of an interview which demanded the exercise of much delicacy of expression, sound somewhat prophetic. A campaign which six months ago was launched with all conceivable preparations that should promise results with the greatest prospect of success has been brought up short just at the moment when victory appeared almost within the grasp of the German. Independent of the military measures taken to ensure an early triumph, a new psychological element was included in the plan of campaign. The study of the value of the power of intimidation upon the inhabitants of the territory wrested from their enemy was enjoined by regulation upon the minds of the leaders of the invading hosts. It has been acted upon in a ruthless and barbarous manner, which has called down upon the heads of the Teuton authors the anathemas of the whole civilised world. Germans have inherited their doctrines of war from their great King Frederick. "War is a business in which the slightest scruple spoils the whole matter"; "Never maltreat your enemy by halves"; etc. They have acted closely up to the precepts bequeathed to them by their warrior monarch, and further have obeyed the teaching of the Kaiser's "War Book" to the letter. Germans have been nursed in the school of strictness and severity, and are patterns of obedience. The champions of German autocracy have played their cards well in one sense, for they have kneaded the fibres of the manhood of the nation into one iron will, and that the will to conquer. Two successful ventures at war have laid the foundations of the national conception of infallibility in their arms and implicit confidence in their Emperor as War Lord. Two or three diplomatic ventures tinged with war-talk aimed at a military neighbour Power have stimulated this vanity of the German people to the pitch of entertaining the idea of a world dominion. The autocratic Power has made good use of the lever of national pride due to the success of these hazards by adding huge numbers to an army already counted in many millions when at war strength, and by creating a navy for a purpose which could have but one aim. The weighty increase of the burden of arms has been tacitly accepted. Such power when wielded by one man who has brain enough to watch for the psychological moment can permit the individual to "make history." The German Emperor has profited by opportunity, he has excelled as a creator of history; not a mere nation's record of events, but a world-story that will never die. It would be premature to contemplate the thousand and one lessons which all nations will learn from the events which this war and its purposes present. A brief pause in military operations gives a moment for reflection to a soldier.

From a point of military strategy in two theatres of war the Kaiser has "shot his bolt". He has been deprived of the initiative. He stands nevertheless in a strong military position with his armies firmly planted mostly on foreign soil, and as long as he can grip what he holds, so long will his men fight for him with that splendid determination and courage which is bred from pride of Fatherland, together with a magnificent discipline and a strength of purpose fostered by a well-preached faith in the justness of their cause.

There is little doubt that when the Great General Staff in Berlin planned their strategy for the European campaign, there was no blind following of the precedent of the Manchurian campaign and its tediously slow method of warfare. Crushing blows with wave after wave of dense masses operating on a flank where presented, without giving an adversary time to breathe, much less to think, offered the only prospect of speedy victory, and cost of life in the endeavour was rightly a mere secondary consideration.

War, however, is not an exact science, in spite of the enormous amount of brain that can be put into it. When men can be produced in such numbers on opposing sides that no flank is presented, field armies are of necessity constrained to degenerate into non-manceuvre forces. We have perforce gone back in the twentieth century to the first page of the book of war, the art of sieges. In that book, however, there is no leaf found to illustrate the practice of opposing sides besieging each other. This is the new branch of the science of war which is the study in the Western theatre. Two unconquered armies face each other across a stage that in some places narrows to the limits of the arena of a glove contest. One army has known victory with its fruits and many defeats: the other, defeats and victory without its fruits.

The German soldier has fought to the admiration of the whole world, and his bravery is unimpeachable; but he is beginning to realise that he has been badly handled by his generals, although brilliantly led by his officers. Battle tactics that fail are generally calculated to be more costly to the attacker; but never in the history of civilised warfare have such extravagant sacrifices of life been made on the altar of the "hack through at all costs" methods which the Kaiser and his War Staff enjoin upon his soldiers. The many fruitless failures against the Allied lines will prove the value of the Fabian strategy adopted by their commander. The flower of the German army has been vainly dashed to pieces against a wall of steel. Modern weapons in defence cannot be slighted by a foe however brave. The physical courage of the men of both armies is perhaps still equally high, but unquestionably the great factor that decides war is no longer equal. The sense of moral superiority now rests with the Allies. Confident in this spirit, the Allied commander is justified in playing his own game with his adversary, who perhaps at the present moment may be numerically stronger. By pinning these hostile millions to the defensive ground that they have chosen, unquestionably he is producing an effect in the Eastern theatre of war which must influence the offensive strategy contemplated in that direction by the German. Meantime behind the backs of the men, French, English, Belgian, who, secure in their moral pre-eminence, are calmly awaiting attack, armies are being rolled up, equipped and concentrated ready to deal with the foe when the time is ripe. In the Teuton armies they have a brave enemy before them who has supreme faith in his cause. The Germans have been stimulated by a revival of the traditions of history centuries old, by national pride, by dynastic ambition, to accept the doctrine that it is a propitious hour to make more history. They have become passive, almost willing, victims to the necessity of bearing the burden of arms as a channel that leads to world dominion. They have been taught that the yoke which when carried to despotism is the curse of a country in peace, is the first element of strength in war.

They have meant war for years, and they have learnt to recognise that by steeling the manhood of the nation in the fire of discipline they offer to their War Lord a power which, when he sees fit to put it to the supreme test, he can do so with every concentration of idea and purpose. When a discipline which becomes almost a religion in a nation is added to a faith in the justness of their cause, when they accept the doctrine that might is right, it takes a long time to bring a nation in arms to own defeat. Although the German may see that from a military point of view he cannot be a winner in the gigantic struggle, yet he by no means sees that he is beaten. A stubborn, protracted war is before us, and we must make up our minds for it and employ every moment that is afforded us to train and discipline the reserve of strength that lies behind those brave men that have hitherto accepted the nation's burden at the risk of life. Time is our best ally, but both mind and muscle are the real elements that impose the realities of defeat upon a foe. We have much to win back, maybe inch by inch.

We have every reason to hope that to our aid will come unseen forces which may sap what the sword cannot penetrate, but it would be absolute folly to launch our forces to the tasks before us until the leaders are convinced that the new creations are ready to carry all before them and the enemy denied the smallest cause for a single shout of triumph.

THE WESTERN THEATRE. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES",
4 FEBRUARY 1915.

The withholding of despatches from our own Army Chief denies the reader the truth of the real story of the severe fighting that has been in progress during the first days of the month of February. Unusually heavy casualty lists on certain days announce the fact that serious combats have taken place in which the British forces were engaged. The French General Staff publish no lists of losses, and the brief communiqués given daily to the Press Bureau are but small scraps of comfort varied with pain when we read of the gain or loss of some metres in the fighting line. The student will, however, do well to follow on the map the narrative of the attempt on the section of the British line held to the west of La Bassée. It is a fair illustration of the necessity of local initiative on the part of leaders to wrest from each other tactical positions which may govern the course of the defensive strategy accepted for the moment by both sides. In a previous letter I drew attention to the great advantage of good lateral communications in defence. The objective of the British commander in this section would be to deny to his opponent the fine main road that runs north and south through La Bassée to the river Lys, and to rob him of the use of the terminus of the line of railway that runs east direct from La Bassée to Lille. The objective of the German commander, on the other hand, would be the town of Bethune, which commands an important group of communications. A natural, or rather an artificial, obstacle to successful attack is common to both commanders, which is that a canal runs from west to east dividing the positions held by each force. La Bassée will figure again in the history of the Western theatre of war, so it is as well to carry a mental picture of the local topography. In the recent attempt upon this section of the British line the flanks of the section rested apparently in the neighbourhood of Festubert in the north to near Vermilles in the south, but the struggle resolved itself into much narrower limits of front. A powerful feint at the former, near Givenchy, succeeded in weakening the centre of the defence, but a counter-attack with reinforcements made upon the German left flank restored the situation at great cost to the enemy. At some important points in the strategic line in the Western area the old system of direct sledge-hammer tactics apparently has been superseded by something much more in the manœuvre form. The element of surprise on one wing with superior forces by the assistance of night movements; the heavy bombardment of the centre; the real attack upon a wing which has been weakened owing to the despatch of reinforcements to the threatened flank far distant—these are the ruses, confined, of course, to what is relatively a narrow front, perhaps five or six miles. Movements by night of course baffle the airman reconnoitre, but these can only be carried out by well-trained and disciplined troops with much prospect of success. The successive lines of defence which have been built up in rear of each front in the course of the many months of siege warfare have, however, rarely permitted either adversary to reap the fruit of a local victory. Even the attempt to break through at Soissons, which succeeded to a certain point owing to the rise of the river Aisne, would if carried over that river have hardly affected the strategic purpose of the German unless the cleavage had been made by colossal forces. Offensive has been threatened from three points of the hostile lines in recent weeks—La Bassée, Soissons, and the Argonne. From each point an objective for a strategic purpose is apparent, but the pur-

pose in each case does not appear to be relative to the other two. Here one sees a weakening in the German plan. We must hope for a more co-ordinated idea in the plans of the allied commander when he proposes to strike with all the forces at his disposal. The great lesson of the war begun at Ypres in October last and repeated this month in the Eastern theatre is the problem that the attacker has to solve. How to overcome the power of the defensive? It promises to be a slow process, but it has to be faced and can be done. Breaking the enemy's line, which was Nelson's old pet battle problem, has, now that land warfare has evolved fighting on parallel fronts, become the question for solution by the soldier. The moment has arrived for a leader to show a genius for war above its rules.

THE EASTERN THEATRE. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES", FEBRUARY 8TH.

Von Hindenburg's last tremendous drive at the Russian centre in Poland was well conceived from more than one military point of view. With his opponents scattered on a thousand miles of front, with himself secure at Lowitz, an advanced base not 80 miles from the main base of his enemy at Warsaw, with the advantage of two lines of railway to his own main bases at Thorn and Lodz, and with a terrain offering less impediment of river, mountain and forest between him and his objective, he has made a bold bid either to hold or to smash the Russian centre. It was the right venture to make. Behind him were inferior lines of communication leading to his magazines and depôts. He had quitted the area of the splendidly conceived strategic railways within the German frontier. In front of him was the heart of his opponent, from which pulsated all the strings of life that kept his distant armies in good fettle. To strike at the heart was to threaten paralysis to the extremities, and von Hindenburg, although he has failed in his purpose to smash, apparently by his demonstration in force temporarily brought up short the offensive of his adversary on the extreme flanks and allowed the German commanders on those flanks to assume the counter-offensive. From recent reports they have failed heavily in the south. We are not in the secret of German strategy in the Eastern theatre. Von Hindenburg's effort may be the screen behind which some deep-laid move may be in operation; but the best solution of this war conundrum will be found when we discover exactly where the Field-Marshal was himself. He is apparently the leader with the maximum of driving power which the Teuton has yet discovered. Every day goes to prove that the Russian in defence is as an iron wall, and the costly experiment of von Hindenburg is not likely to be repeated. We may certainly expect another picture of siege warfare in Poland.

THE DESERT RAID.

The war spirit of the German Great General Staff must be waning when it lends its countenance to the administering of the offensive in homœopathic doses. Nothing could be more futile and pusillanimous than the methods employed under German supervision for the conquest of Egypt. It is true that a poor unwilling tool was the instrument employed, but the task was one which the great master of war has set down as being that of the most trying for an army. In the order of natural difficulties which face a leader in war he emphatically places a desert as the first. A counter-blow near the diseased heart of the Turkish Empire would undoubtedly quicken into action the hesitating policy of more neutrals than one. With a Russian move along the northern coasts of Asia Minor and an allied operation along the southern shores of the Dardanelles, the freeing of the waterway between the Black Sea and the oceans would speedily settle both the question of the cost in price of our food supply and the pouring of much gold into the exchequer of our Ally.

OUR FULL FIGHTING STRENGTH.

[SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE "SATURDAY REVIEW".]

THE conviction that before this war is over we shall want every able-bodied man fit to serve in the field is being slowly but surely borne in upon the nation—though the Government still fumble with the question of obligatory service, and put it off uneasily. The question of our recruiting figures may, for the present, be left severely alone. As Mr. Tennant said in the House of Commons (8 February), it is to the enemy's advantage to know the exact figures, and, unless we tell him, he cannot ascertain them. This being so, however, it seems all the more surprising that so many "exact" figures have been quoted freely in both Houses of Parliament since the beginning of the war, especially in the House of Lords last month. But, if it has now become a patriotic duty to preserve silence with regard to recruiting figures, the fact remains that, sooner or later, before the war ends, we may have to call up every able-bodied man of suitable age for service abroad or at home. It behoves us, therefore, to take stock of the resources of fighting strength at our command. There can be no indiscretion in doing this. We may, in fact, be rendering a public service, if we can show, by figures, the unsuspected strength of our resources in *personnel*. No man can tell what a few months more of this monstrous war may bring forth. We must be prepared, whatever happens, to fight this war to a successful finish for our own sakes. Nothing could make us believe that any one of our Allies would ever dream of making peace without our full consent; but it would, nevertheless, give us and them wonderful confidence if we could show that, apart from the fighting forces we have already put or are preparing to put in the field, we still have behind those forces an immense reservoir of men of military age fit for service. There are limits to every human effort. We cannot maintain at sea the mightiest Fleet ever known in history and at the same time on land place, man for man, the same force in the field as our good Ally France. Nor is it desirable, at this stage, that we should do so. The supply of the real sinews of war—war *matériel*—is as vital to success as the supply of men; and we can continue this supply to our own Forces and those of our Allies only by retaining at home for this purpose a considerable number of able-bodied men of military age. Still, it is good to feel that, in the last resort, owing to our great reserves of *personnel*, we could, even if we were fought to a standstill, still draw upon our strength for the one vital need—men—that no human art or ingenuity can supply: and to feel this firmly is to have unshakable confidence in the ultimate issue.

That confidence, as we propose to show, should now be ours, since it rests on a solid basis of fact. There have been many calculations made of our fighting strength, based on "experience"—in France and Germany—of the proportions, with regard to population, of able-bodied men, of military age, found to be available. But these calculations underestimate our strength, as, indeed, they do that of our Allies. The proportions on which they are based represent men, taken in peace time for war training, and will be found to have little relation to the proportions which are being taken in these countries now, in time of war, for war itself. Any attempt to apply these proportions to this country at the present time would therefore be misleading. The only true basis for calculations of our fighting strength is the number of males of military age in this country according to the latest census. All necessary deductions and exemptions must then be estimated and made, and the result will give us our total potential fighting strength.

The "military age" in our case we may take to be in the first instance between the present prescribed ages of 19 and 38; and according to the Census of

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1911 the number of males between these ages in England and Wales was 5,684,116. But, as four years have since elapsed, and as the population of England and Wales increases annually at the approximate rate of 1 per cent. per annum, the figure now would be, in round numbers, 5,911,000. In the same way the figures for Scotland and Ireland, allowing a small increase for Scotland and a small decrease for Ireland, would amount to 1,439,000: and the total for the United Kingdom would be 7,350,000. This figure, therefore, represents the gross potential fighting strength of this country.

(1) The first deduction to be made, to get our *net* fighting strength, is for physical and mental incapacity. The ordinary allowance on these grounds, based on "experience" of annual contingents on the Continent, is 20 per cent. But, of course, this percentage would be excessive in the case under consideration, where the bulk of the older men would represent the "survival of the fittest". Nature would already have weeded out a large proportion of the medically unfit. Hence we may, as a fair estimate, allow 15 per cent. on this head and include in that percentage the ordinary exemptions of small classes of the community, such as doctors, clergy, and civil servants.

(2) The other main deduction to be made is for the able-bodied men of military age who are urgently required for civilian work in connection with the war, and under this head, although only indirectly connected with it, would come such services as agriculture, mining, mercantile marine, and all traffic and communication by road and rail. The main bulk of the men exempted would, however, be those directly connected with the supply of arms, equipment, clothing, food, and shelter for troops fighting abroad or under training at home. It is not, of course, possible to form an accurate estimate of the numbers of able-bodied men of military age that should be exempted under this head. It is evident that much of the work could be done by men who are either outside the "military age" or medically unfit for the hardships of a campaign. The highest estimate we have seen is 1,000,000, made by prominent defenders of the voluntary system. We think this estimate high. But we are, for our present purpose, content to accept it. The total exemptions and deductions to be made are, therefore—

(1) Medically unfit and other ordinary exemptions	1,102,500
(2) Special exemptions in connection with the war	1,000,000
Total	2,102,500

This leaves us with 5,247,500, or, say, in round numbers, 5½ millions as our *net* potential fighting strength. It has been stated that we have at present, in the field or in training, forces—including the Navy—amounting to 2½ millions; and we think this a fair estimate. So that we may confidently reckon on a still untapped reservoir of able-bodied men of military age in this country of at least 3,000,000. By widening the limits of age from 18 to 45 nearly 2,000,000 more could be added to this total. How far it may be wise to go in protecting our national productive industry must, of course, depend upon circumstances. But it should, at any rate, be a source of great confidence and strength to the country to feel that, even after we have added, in accordance with the latest Army Estimates, another million of men to our land forces, we shall still have nearly 4 millions of able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45—and 2 millions of these between the ages of 19 and 38—left to carry on the ordinary business of the country, and to act, if the war be unduly prolonged, as a practically inexhaustible reservoir of fighting strength.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

COWLEY: THE LITTLE TALKER.*

By JOHN PALMER.

WHAT a diversity of riches has been packed into the English essay! The essay has served the turn of every sort of English writer. Francis Bacon spilled into it the superflux of his deep wisdom. Milton and Sir Thomas Browne have played upon it as though it were the noblest, and not the least, of instruments. Addison has sunned himself thereby in the rays of his flawless self-content; Macaulay and Burke have used it as King's Counsel; Johnson as a just and impeccable judge. All good critics, from the father of the sons of Ben, with whom English criticism begins, to Hazlitt and Pater, have established their right to the essay; and three centuries are filled with the amiable pipings of the personal essayists—Fuller, Cowley, Steele, and Lamb the greatest of all.

It is as impossible to define the essay as to define the novel; but we may at any rate distinguish between essayists who were born and essayists who have simply used the essay as an instrument of criticism, or of history or of philosophy. Milton was not an essayist. He was a poet and a thinker who wrote essays. Macaulay was not an essayist. He was an historian with prejudices and opinions who in essays occasionally declared them. Cowley, on the other hand, was an essayist. He wrote essays, not because he had something of importance to tell the world, but because the essay expressed him. It was the little form that enabled him to disburthen himself of the little talk that lay under his tongue. Cowley has himself described the temperament of the born essayist. "I confess", he tells us, "I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it), it would be, I think, with prettiness rather than with majestic beauty. I would wish that neither my mistress nor my fortune should be *bona roba*, nor, as Homer used to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the stateliness and largeness of her person, but, as Lucretius says, '*parvula, pumilio, xapitav pia merum sal*'."

Inevitably this reminds us of Lamb, and of the "middle interests" whereby he loved to escape the pressure of big events and great emotions. It reminds us indeed of the whole succession of the personal essayists—men whom the essay borrowed and used, as distinguished from men who merely borrowed and used the essay. Cowley is the ancestor of these table-talkers, the dear, familiar people who take us by the coat and chat with us in so vivid and personal a way that we can almost see the play of their faces.

The great period of the essay is undoubtedly the seventeenth century; and the last historian of the essay, Professor Hugh Walker, in an admirable study just published by Messrs. Dent, is to be congratulated that he so clearly recognises that this is so. Lamb, who was claimed by the essay as its most perfect practitioner, harks back in style and temper not to the calm and perfect Augustans of the eighteenth, but to gossips like Cowley and Fuller, of the seventeenth century. The Augustans talk of little things, but they talk as well-bred authors, accurate and concise, suiting plain words to simple ideas, holding fast to their style and temper by virtue of holding very much aloof from the reader. These Augustans dispense small wisdom like little gods. The seventeenth-century essayists are not at all like that. They are intimate and friendly, tip-toe with enthusiasm and fun. The essay is so natural a thing with them that it has no need to be formal or precise. It is a playfellow, allowed to run at ease. If we read a page of Cowley or a page of Lamb, who is pure seventeenth century, we find the author's fancy let loose for a scamper. It will check at a word or run off with a simile. All this is far

* Cowley Essays. Edited by A. B. Gough. Clarendon Press. 4s. net.

removed from the Augustan essay. Lamb's page is the very echo of Cowley's—the love of littleness, the friendliness, the candour, the beautiful liberty of language, language so felicitous that it can spare energy for play after its work is done—these belong to the century to which Cowley belonged and to which Lamb returned. Here, almost at random, is a page of Cowley on the boredom of being great. The Great Man is described as “guarded with crowds and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the Positive parting with a little bow, the Comparative at the middle of the room, the Superlative at the door. . . . *Perditur haec inter misero lux*, thus wretchedly the precious day is lost”. This might easily be taken for a page out of the essays of Elia. Conversely, if we recall a paragraph from the essays of Elia—say Elia's paragraph on “A Quakers' Meeting”—we are at once in touch with the age of Cowley:—“Wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite:—come with me into a Quakers' meeting”.

This is pure seventeenth century. Here, as in Cowley, comfort of mind and ease of expression, a fancy readily kindled, tempts the writer to a gleeful virtuosity, a very frolic of the pen. It is pure revelry of the tongue that recalls Lyly and Fuller and Sir Thomas Browne rather than Addison of the eighteenth or Hazlitt of the nineteenth centuries. Lamb loved and understood the seventeenth century better than any Englishman of letters. That is why he wrote the perfect essay and was the only English critic who understood the comedies of Etherege and Congreve.

Cowley is well worth our study and affection if only as a preliminary stutter of the English essay, before the English essay delivered Elia to the world. But Cowley is more than that. It is well to know almost by heart the half-dozen papers he has left us. They are a better model of a “familiar” style than Addison—the model recommended by Dr. Johnson. Cowley is the comfortable friend who has renounced ambition and invites us to share with him his pleasure in the little things of every day. We do not go to him for words that are deeply wise, or highly passionate, or urgently musical; but he teaches us how the printed page can be made to chatter. He is one of the small company of English essayists who still talk to their countrymen though their lips have long been cold, and will talk on after the ears are cold which to-day are pricked to listen.

A FUTURE FOR OPERA.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IT is necessary only to add a few words to what I wrote in my last article on the vexed topic of the provincial festivals. The subject seems readily to rouse temper; and after all the festivals and the towns in which they take place may be left to look after themselves. Mr. Ernest Newman indeed claims that the festivals concern chiefly the towns, although so far, he says, every point of view on the Birmingham festival has found an advocate save Birmingham's point of view. In the main, I find that point of view, as set forth in the current “Musical Times”, coincides with mine, as explained for twenty years in the “Saturday Review”. In each festival town the festival has ruined music, largely for the benefit of London musicians; where there are no festivals music goes on all the year round—there is no Gargantuan feast once in three years, followed by a long period of famine; and Mr. Newman looks to the War, even as I do, to alter present arrangements. He would not mourn the abolition of the festivals; while I think that

with a different aim and different kind of management they might be worth preserving and begin life anew as useful artistic institutions. This divergence of opinions is inevitable. He thinks of the Birmingham festival as being entirely Birmingham's business; I think it is and ought to be England's business. As yet we cannot foresee the end of the War; still less do we know what those mysterious bodies, the festival committees, will want to do after the War. One thing is certain, something must be done. The present opportunity to reform and to reorganise, once let slip, is not likely to occur again. I leave Mr. Newman to do battle for the artistic right, while I turn my attention to an opportunity for opera which has arisen in London, in spite of bad times for music generally.

I have been watching with careful interest the musical activity of London. Since 4 August the mental processes of the agents have passed through three stages. At first all concerts were to be abandoned and all negotiations with regard to securing theatres for purposes of operatic enterprises were abruptly broken off. Then a more sanguine tone prevailed, and in several quarters during the last weeks of December it was said that we critics would begin to be busy in February. Now February is halfway through, and all the rosy hopes seem to have melted with the January snow. Mr. Robert Newman continues the Saturday concerts, very successfully, too, it would seem, in spite of or because of rather curious programmes. The Symphony Orchestra has given two concerts, neither of them particularly bright or attractive. The Royal Choral Society jogs along. The Classical Concert Society announces four highly promising concerts in the Æolian Hall for Wednesday afternoons. Excepting for the benefit of this charity or that, the individual performer has retired from the scene, apparently disgusted, dejected, hopeless. Before saying something about the concerts that have actually taken place, let me call the reader's attention to the Classical Concert Society. This very excellent body is doing for London of the nineteen-hundreds what the old Pops. did for London of more than half a century ago. The Pops. in days when a symphony could rarely be heard at any rate kept people in touch with the chamber masterpieces of old time; in the 'eighties and even in the 'nineties their enterprises provided me with many an enjoyable evening. But they got out-of-date, and no endeavour was made to attract those of us who wanted to hear more modern music than that of Schumann. Occasionally we got some Brahms; but the staple was Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and some dullards whom Messrs. Chappell had taken to their hearts. Robert Newman and Henry J. Newman then appeared; London music-lovers rushed eagerly in crowds to feast on orchestral music; the Pops. slowly flickered out, and no one marked their disappearance. At the same time many of us who wanted to hear chamber-music and could not get it in our own homes (which is the really proper place for it) were pleased when the Classical Society pushed itself forward a little. Not only the “classical” masters are represented, but the most modern; and the renderings are always of a very fine quality. The first concert takes place on 24 February; and one of especial interest, for small orchestra, will be conducted by Sir George Henschel on 10 March. The society needs all the support that can be obtained, and I recommend those who like an occasional change from the megalomaniac bands of the day to book their seats. And now for the concerts which have already been given.

Two symphonies—two Beethoven symphonies!—in one afternoon—that is what Sir Henry J. Wood offered us a fortnight ago, and other items besides were included in the programme. Anyone who really listens to music, listens with his whole being, all his faculties alert, must be fatigued after such an ordeal. But there are large numbers of people who like Beethoven better than the later music, and like also to get a good deal. These seized their chance, and as they are, I am convinced, the kind of people who do not feel themselves constrained to follow the music bar by bar without for a moment losing their mental grip on it, I

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suppose they were satisfied they had good value. Well, the playing of the band under Sir Henry was notably fine; and there is no reason why anyone should grumble. The experiment is to be repeated this afternoon. The Symphony Orchestra a few weeks ago contrived to arrange a most depressing programme. A Haydn symphony—very well; a Brahms symphony—not very well, especially when it is No. 2; a Polish piece by Stojowski—not at all well. The playing, under that dull and disheartening conductor Mlynarski, was lifeless, tiresome. Of last Monday night's affair, directed by Mr. Thomas Beecham, I cannot speak. On 22 March we are to have three symphonies. One of Haydn (in G minor), Beethoven's No. 4, and Schumann's E flat—it is too much, and Safonoff is not too inspiring a conductor. The later programmes are much more likely to prove interesting. It should be noted that the price of stalls is now seven-and-sixpence. I don't know if a shilling gallery has been thought of, but I am certain it would pay.

It will be seen that "business as usual" does not hold with regard to music. But just in the quarter where we should last look for activity, activity is being displayed. Mr. Robert Courtneidge has ventured on the deed daring, though hardly so daring as might at first be supposed. At a time when no one dares to put forward schemes of spring or summer or autumn opera, when the most sanguine of entrepreneurs are dropping dozens of prematurely puffed concerts, he has mounted Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" for a run, engaging competent singers and orchestra, adequate scenery, and two able conductors, Messrs. Hamish MacCunn and Herbert Bath. The experiment is a curious one, and we may, but also may not, learn something if we observe it. Of course Offenbach's work is very far removed from great music: it is light, tuneful and essentially popular music. Even if it attracts full houses for the weeks of its run we shall by no means be justified in imagining a more ambitious opera would prove as successful. For a long time "The Tales of Hoffmann" has been popular all over England—in fact, all over the world. There is not a complicated page, scarcely a serious page, in it; there is not a passionate phrase, not a passage expressive of deep emotion. You need not, cannot, think about such music; you could enjoy it amidst the gabbling and clatter of a beer-garden. It has its place in the cosmos. It forms an excellent digestive and sedative; at the finish you generally feel so comfortable that it is a nuisance to have to get up and go out into the cold. In artistic intention and technical workmanship it ranks high above the ordinary popular musical-comedy. This last fact makes us realise the daring in Mr. Courtneidge's venture, just as the vivacity and sparkle, the entire superficiality, of the thing are elements that make for safety from the box-office point of view. One point the production may settle: whether there is in London a large enough public to enable an opera of the kind to compete with "The Girls" in Something or Other. If not, we may as well put from us all thoughts of opera until the War is over. If there is, some of the agents now out of work, or Mr. Courtneidge himself, might consider the advisability of taking a further step. What if, for a start, two other popular operas, say "Carmen" and "Faust", could be produced in the same way and given, turn and turn about, each a week at a time, or changed every other night—Monday and Tuesday, "Carmen"; Wednesday and Thursday, "Tales of Hoffmann"; Friday and Saturday, "Faust"—would the scheme pay? My belief is that it would. There need be no ruinous extravagance; the band need not be large, nor the scenery elaborate and expensive. Within a few years the Shaftesbury Theatre might be a small permanent opera-house where works on a comparatively small scale would be given—a sort of Paris Opéra Comique. And in time our composers would subdue their lofty souls and learn to write works suitable to such a house. These would have a chance of getting played, whereas operas demanding an orchestra of over one hundred men and scenery costing thousands of pounds will be for many long years out of the question.

TO THE KNAVE OF HEARTS.

A VALENTINE.

NEVER will your tone again be tender,
Never more your eyes look kind—
Once you liked me, now, O, dear Pretender!
You have changed your mind.

Well, time passes and experience teaches,
Now grown wiser, with a sigh
To those pretty looks and tones and speeches
I have said good-bye.

But—and I would like you to believe me—
Come what may, until the end,
You will always find me as you leave me,
Very much your friend.

BEATRICE CREGAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ONLY WAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I rejoice to see that the SATURDAY REVIEW is so strongly in favour of "straight recruiting", as opposed to the speeding-up methods of advertisement intimidation practised even to-day after six months of a war on the issue of which will depend not only the idea of Liberty, of Nationality and of Man, but of our historical continuity. Though to me it is little short of madness that we did not establish the principle of compulsion the day that war was declared, we must assume that the military authorities know their own business, or had their reasons for reliance on the voluntary system, which means want of system; but in any case we must all admit that the national response has been wonderful, so wonderful, in fact, that conceivably we may be able to see this thing through without resorting to conscription. I doubt it; but that is not the point I would call attention to. The terrible thing about this voluntary recruiting is that it has many of the evils of the old press gang.

We call ourselves a free people, a Democracy, a nation of sportsmen; in political life the word individualism is the shibboleth of every platform, but at war what do we do? The papers shriek; we placard the taxis; we advertise; we egg on the women to "shame" men into enlisting—in short, we start a furious campaign of intimidation utterly systemless, irresponsible, and hysterical, nauseating to all individual decency and patriotism. At the beginning of the war, the thing became a national scandal. Girls were exhorted to present men with white feathers. Splenetic old maids stopped men in the street, and asked them if they were going to join. Employers were urged to bring pressure on their staffs. But surely the advertisement campaign method is the lowest yet reached by a great nation fighting the greatest war in history. I hate to read the "four questions to men" or the "four questions to women". It makes me hesitate about this civilisation of ours that we deem so much higher than what we call militarism. Almost I wonder whether we deserve to win.

Whatever the Germans are, they are brave: they have the dignity and nobility of war. No man in Germany is reckoned a hero because he is "called up". He just joins naturally. His country is fighting for existence, he has no opinion. Right or wrong, his duty is in the army. He goes. And all over the Continent this is the idea of citizenship. At war, all men are soldiers.

But here we advertise for men to save the country. Not that it is necessary—the response alone shows that—but simply because everything is left to chance in the land of civilian heads of services and adventitious political amateurishness. It is not a noble spectacle. Moreover, it is economically unsound and foolish.

I cannot enter here into that side of the question which has now become a State problem. It is obviously economically wrong to let married men go before the unmarried are tapped; to let trained engineers and skilled workmen go while allowing untrained labour to stay behind—but where there is no system there will be no economy of forces. It is the price we pay for our doctrine of *laissez-faire*. It is the price we pay for our gospel of unpreparedness.

As it is, the intimidation process is grossly unfair, and thoroughly bad economics. Why in the name of common-sense cannot England be told that every fighting man is expected to do his duty—i.e., to send in his name to a properly constituted board, who will call him up when necessary. The stuff is there all right. There is no necessity for chaotic screech and pressure. If a Government has any significance at all this, one would have thought, would be its chief business in war, not to go into polite villegiatura and advertise. Perhaps this is what Lord Haldane meant when he referred to his "spiritual home" in Germany. Certainly our way is not spiritual. It is unworthy of a great civilisation and in every sense of the word undemocratic. Conscription is a far nobler way for a nation to fight and also far the most economical and effective.

I am, yours truly,
AUSTIN HARRISON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 February 1915.

SIR,—Your correspondent, A. L. Artus, does well, in your issue of the 6th inst., to call attention to the vast reserves of man-power which are available in Germany, even after their troops of all categories—First Line, Landwehr, and Landsturm—have been mobilised. Though there has always been universal liability to service, there has not been anything approaching universal enrolment for service in Germany for many years. The recruiting statistics for 1912, given with German thoroughness of detail, disclose the fact that in that year, while 558,000 men reached the age of twenty, only 310,000 were actually enrolled for the German Army and Navy combined. Similarly, large numbers had been excused from enrolment in previous years, but they still remained *liable* to enrolment for some years. The result was that, in 1912 there were no less than 1,290,000 young men, nearly all between the ages of twenty and twenty-three, whose names were borne on the recruiting lists. In other words, while only 310,000 men sufficed for the needs of the German Army and Navy in the year mentioned, there were close on 1,300,000 young men to choose from. Two facts emerge clearly from the above—first, that the men chosen would be of first-rate physique; and secondly, that Germany had nearly a million men *between the ages of twenty and twenty-three alone* to draw upon for the creation of new armies.

But great as are the reserves of man-power in Germany, the reserves of men in Russia and the United Kingdom are greater still, and it is evident from the Army Estimates which are now before the House of Commons that a great call is now to be made upon our reserves of man-power.

The said Estimates ask for three million men "for the Home and Colonial establishments of the Army, exclusive of those serving in India". To these numbers we must add the men required for the Navy and Naval Reserves, and the Mercantile Marine, roughly another half million. Thus three and a half million men of strong physique and in the prime of life are needed at this crisis for the defence of the realm, for the feeding of the people of these Islands, and for the maintenance of our overseas trade. As there are only about six and a half million males altogether in the British Isles between the ages of nineteen and thirty-five, it is obvious that every fit man of suitable age will soon be engaged either in military service or in the production and supply of military equipment and munitions of war.

The question as to how and when the men still

wanted are to be obtained may safely be left to those who are responsible for the conduct of the war. On all cardinal points the conduct of the war has, from the beginning been irreproachable. Every effort has been made, and great risks have been run, in order that the greatest possible number of well-trained troops should be placed at the decisive point. The co-operation of the Navy and Army, as shown by the successful transportation of large numbers of troops of all arms from vast distances and from every quarter of the world, has been perfect.

Never in the history of warfare have the arrangements for clothing and feeding our soldiers, for preventing their falling sick, or for looking after them when wounded or ill, been anything like so good as they have been in this war.

We may therefore rely upon it that if Parliament is asked to vote for an establishment of three million soldiers, they will not be paper soldiers, but real soldiers, who, if human skill and energy can compass it, will be trained, armed, and equipped as soldiers ought to be.

Yours obediently,
A. KEENE.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME AND "CONSCRIPTION."
To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 February.

SIR,—I remember reading, in the early days of the War, of a meeting in a French railway train between an English newspaper correspondent and a French colonel. As far as I recollect, the latter was an enthusiastic Anglophile, and insisted on recounting at some length, in very imperfect English, his appreciations of his favourite English authors. Suddenly, however, in an access of hilarity, he seemed to lapse into his mother tongue, and murmuring—apparently in an ecstasy—"je rome car je rome", was unable to proceed further. They then retired for the night, and the correspondent's last waking recollections were of the Colonel in a neighbouring berth still chortling in his joy and repeating the mystic phrase. It was only next day that it dawned on the correspondent that the Colonel had been moved to merriment probably by recollections of "Three Men in a Boat".

I have lately wondered what that good French Colonel (if, God save him, he be still alive) would have thought of his favourite author's recent excursions into controversy in the "Westminster Gazette"—and especially of his last letter therein to-night—on the subject of what he likes to call "Conscription". The Colonel would have been at first, I believe, excessively bewildered. But I think, from what we have been told of him, he would soon have seized the humour of the situation. That gem, "The Prussian model has proved itself the best", would have amused him immensely. But, gem as it is, it would have "paled its ineffectual fires" before the following: "There is no military party in Switzerland dreaming of world-wide conquest: nor, I should say, in New Zealand either. . . . In England it does exist". This would have been too much, I think, for the Colonel: and he would have promptly exploded—with mirth, *bien entendu*. The "education analogy", including the advice to copy German virtues while avoiding German vices, he would also have found very humorous; but what would have finished the Colonel completely would have been, very appropriately, the end of the letter, where Mr. Jerome answers Mr. Coulton's question, "Who shall say that again we shall have six months" (to prepare an army should the need again arise), by—referring him to the Admiralty!

The Colonel would have known something of the retreat from Mons and of the fighting round Ypres, and of the terrible strain and losses imposed upon our troops because of all that we at home had left undone during the last ten years—to say nothing of the devastation of Belgium and of Northern France; and the exquisite humour of Mr. Jerome's remarks would have struck him very forcibly.

Your obedient servant,
T. A. CREGAN, Colonel.

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SOME RECRUITING PROPOSALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In view of the increasing daily necessity for the strengthening of our Army in the field, I have the honour to offer the following suggestions, calculated, it is believed, to promote a more ready enlistment:—

1. That recruiting motor-cars, as described in the subjoined memorandum*, be established in all counties of the United Kingdom.
2. That recruits be assembled as soon as enlisted at their county towns, and be there trained for service.
3. That the numbers of recruits enlisted in each county be published weekly, or oftener, in the county public Press.
4. That the county with the highest percentage per population be published weekly in the national public Press.
5. That a special recognition of Royal satisfaction be accorded to the county thus distinguished.

It is understood that in the case of an insufficiency of recruits being forthcoming by the present system of recruiting, recourse will be had to the introduction of compulsory military service. Though much may be said in favour of compulsory enlistment, if established in peace time as a national service, yet to introduce it in the press of such a war as that in which we are now engaged would be virtually to make confession to the world that the military spirit of Great Britain is not equal to fulfilling the international engagement that we have entered into with our present Allies.

It is surely, then, desirable that every reasonable effort should be made to render enlistment popular and attractive, and I venture to submit that the above proposals, if fully carried out, would bring many a doubtful recruit to the Colours.

I am, yours truly,

HARCOURT BENGOUGH
(Major-General).

*It is suggested that machinery on something after the following lines be set in movement by the War Office:—

That the Lords Lieutenant of counties be empowered to form "Travelling Enlistment Bureaux" of motor-cars, furnished with the necessary requirements for enlistment, and carrying an officer in charge, a magistrate, a surgeon, and a trumpeter, and furnished with a Union Jack, and an invitation to enlist in large letters on the outside.

It would be desirable that a retired officer of some standing and with war experience should be in charge of the Bureaux.

THE LAW OF NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

45, Sudbourne Road, Brixton, S.W.,
30 January 1915.

SIR,—The only basis of Compulsory Service in Saxon times was incidental to contract or servitude.

The powers under the feudal system lapsed through non-usage.

The Militia Act 1860 was a temporary measure. When was the last time that the Militia Ballot Suspension Act 1865 was included in an Expiring Laws Continuation Act?

First of all, a Ballot Act, then a Suspension Act, then Expiring Laws Continuation Acts to keep the Ballot Act alive! Yet again, no necessity for all these Acts if there are Common Law rights!

The 1907 Act has nothing to do with the Militia Acts, which were dead and gone.

I refrain from stating what my views are on the question of Compulsory Service, but I should like to see the position clearly defined at law. There is a surprising amount of misconception, from Lord Haldane downwards.

Yours, etc.,
A. E. BALE.

"THE BRITISH NAME."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

34, Dover Street, W.,

6 February 1915.

SIR,—Deeds before words. As I read the letter of "Scotus" in your last issue, there lay at my elbow "The Graphic" of the same date. On page 176 appeared the portraits of six noted Rugby football players who have died for their country in this war. Of the six, five were Scotsmen.

Yours, etc.,

DAVID FULTON.

A PIGEON'S FLIGHT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lyndhurst, Mycenæ Road, Westcombe Park, S.E.,

7 February 1915.

SIR,—Under the title "Under a Pigeon's Wing", by your correspondent "H. M. G.", is recounted a little conversation about the return of a pigeon from Rome. The incident has some truth in it, but I fear gives a false impression. Let anybody should imagine that birds frequently fly from Rome, which is only 1,000 miles and not 2,000, I may inform your readers that only one race in England has ever been organised from Rome; this was in 1913 in conjunction with a Belgian Society, when about 60 birds were despatched, and only two regained their homes, one belonging to Hudson of Derby, the other to an owner, I think, in Durham.

Races from Rome to Belgium have periodically been carried out by the Belgians, always with losses of about 90 per cent., due, it is thought, to the intervention of the Alps. Therefore the surprise of the owner in seeing an arrival from Rome may be explained. In England the longest races are from Bordeaux, organised by the National Flying Club, and from Lerwick, Shetland Islands, organised by the North Road Championship Club, of which I have the pleasure to be honorary secretary; to both these His Majesty the King annually gives a silver cup, the distances being about 600 miles or more. Incidentally, I may mention that I hold the British record for speed from 600 miles, which was made in 1913, a speed of 1,684 yards per minute, or roughly 10½ hours. Unfortunately, it is not an instinct, but an educated faculty, and the participation in such races requires a great deal of technical knowledge.

Yours faithfully,

M. EVERARD TRESIDDER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Surrenden Park,

Pluckley, Kent,

30 January 1915.

SIR,—"H. M. G.'s" pigeon, which took two months to fly 2,000 miles, must have been badly trained and lost his way, or else loitered on the way.

He ought to have taken only ten or twelve days.

I won a 420-mile race with a small hen in less than ten hours.

For a 2,000-mile trial (which I consider cruelty) a bird would require two years' training, 50-mile stages up to 800 miles the first year.

In my opinion it spoils a bird to race it beyond 450 miles, as it cannot do more in a day, and if it once gets into the habit of roosting during a race and having to search for food it gets to loitering.

There is no "instinct" in the matter, it is merely sight—and memory.

Of two thousand pigeons in one race across the Channel only a hundred returned, the rest losing their way in a fog and getting drowned.

Yours, etc.,

WALTER WINANS.

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

REVIEWS.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER RECONSIDERED.—I.*
 "Beauchamp's Career." By George Meredith. Constable and Co. Standard Edition. 6s.

YET another new edition of Meredith's study of Nevil Beauchamp, the ineffectual character—fine in its individual elements, but marred by waywardness and impossible ambition—very appropriately appears at this time of public stress when clarity and stability of character are demanded as essential, as never before, in men of politics and affairs. This book, written forty years ago, is often very suggestive of the events of to-day. The very first chapter, with its allegory of the Spinster Panic aroused from her bed by letters to the papers and lulled again by the Press, might point to certain stages of the present struggle if we substitute German for French soldiers:—

"Their spectral advance on quaking London through Kentish hop-gardens, Sussex cornfields, or by the pleasant hills of Surrey, after a gymnastic leap over the riband of salt water, haunted many pillows. . . . We saw them in imagination lining the opposite shore. . . . Where were our armed men? Where our great artillery? Where our proved captains, to resist a sudden sharp trial of the national mettle? Where was the first line of England's defence—her Navy? . . . It turned out that we had ships ready for launching and certain regiments coming home from India; hedges we had, and a spirited body of yeomanry; and we had pluck and patriotism, the father and mother of volunteers innumerable. Things were not so bad. . . . Ministers were authoritatively summoned to set to work immediately. They replied that they had been at work all the time, and were at work now. They could assure the country that, though they flourished no trumpets, they positively guaranteed the safety of our virgins and coffers. . . . Government launched a big ship with hurrahs, and ordered the recruiting-sergeant to be seen conspicuously."

It is well known that the lovable character of Beauchamp was drawn to some extent from an original in the person of Meredith's friend, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Frederick Maxse, R.N., whose mercurial temperament passed through many changing phases. It is interesting to compare and collate "Beauchamp's Career" with the series of letters addressed by the author to the prototype of his novel, for these letters analyse and advise on all those warring qualities exhibited by Beauchamp, some of them penned long before the book was written. The friendship with Maxse began about 1858, and in the first letter addressed to him his future is foretold. "Beauchamp's Career" is a mordant study of the combat in a man of his hereditary aristocratic instincts and passions with a sincere, if rather hysterical, realisation of the wrongs and needs of the democracy, with various personal feuds and fads as corollaries. So in the letters are politics (public and private) and fads—such as Maxse's abstention, at one time, from meat and strong drink—pregnantly or humorously dealt with, followed by many comments on the exemplar's character. To take a few extracts at random from Meredith's letters to his friend: "I note with dismay your tendency to extremes. You are right just now. Nevertheless, you must needs lay down positive principles as if your existing state were the key of things. You will become a fanatical Retired Admiral advocating Maine Liquor laws for every natural appetite on earth, and dogmatically refusing to hear an opinion". "I'm persuaded, too, that you're in error in supposing you belong to this Century, and it's only by courtesy the fellows of it don't tell you so; it's the next you belong to, and you will find it out; and you were not made for a Club, but for mankind". "I think you altogether too impetuous: 500 years too fast for the human race".

* This review of "Beauchamp's Career" is specially written for the SATURDAY REVIEW by a contributor who draws on unprinted sources of information. We hope soon to reconsider the political side of this great book.

Yet Meredith fully realised his friend's fine points and shared many of his political views—"I could have no wish but to stick by you, and the more so as your views are mine". He actively assisted in canvassing for Maxse, who was the Radical candidate in the election of 1867 at Southampton (the Bevisham of the novel), and, after the defeat, said to his son, Arthur Meredith: "We were badly beaten at Southampton. . . . I fancy Captain Maxse had to pay about £2,000 for the attempt. He acted simply in a spirit of duty, that he might enter Parliament to plead the cause of the poor". As the years went on, the Radical sailor became a Conservative and moderated many of his early views. His friendship with Meredith endured to the end, and when he died, the author of "Beauchamp's Career" paid him that fine tribute: "The loss to me is past all count. . . . But still it cannot be quite death for a man so good and true as he. The unsuffering part of him lives with those who knew him. Nobility was his characteristic, and always where that is required in life I shall have him present".

Of course, Maxse must not be identified too literally with Beauchamp beyond his early political and social views, though Meredith has a rather disconcerting way of blending actual facts and names with the entirely imaginary doings of his characters. This was brought to a fine art in "Evan Harrington" and "The Egoist"; and in a slightly lesser degree it figures in "Beauchamp's Career". Putting aside the obvious facts of the Southampton election and that Captain Maxse married a lady named Cecilia, daughter of a General (Cecilia Halkett, in the story, being the daughter of a Colonel), let us particularly examine the case of Beauchamp's uncle, Everard Romfrey, that delightful old Whig, who was undoubtedly drawn, both as to physical and mental characteristics, from Captain Maxse's maternal uncle, Grantley Berkeley (a younger son of the fifth Earl of Berkeley). It will be remembered that Everard Romfrey thrashes Dr. Shrapnel with "a gold-headed horsewhip". Just so (for similarly a lady's name was involved) did Grantley Berkeley act in the famous case of his assault on James Fraser for the libellous review, which appeared in "Fraser's Magazine", of Berkeley's novel, "Berkeley Castle". Grantley Berkeley felled the offending publisher to the ground and beat him savagely with a heavy gold-headed hunting-whip. Less fortunate than Shrapnel, James Fraser eventually died from an illness brought on by the injuries he had received. Grantley Berkeley's brother, Craven, was present when the assault took place; Meredith mentions the name Craven twice in his account of the Romfrey family, and he accurately describes their seat, Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire.

But enough of this adapting of fact to fiction in the book; let us consider the work itself. Some critics have found it difficult and uneasy to read: we are not in agreement with them, though Meredith himself thought the novel unlikely to be popular. He wrote to the agent of an American publisher in 1874:—

"I feel bound to warn you of the nature of my work. It is not likely to please the greater number of readers. . . . It is philosophical-political, with no powerful stream of adventure: an attempt to show the forces round a young man of the present day, in England, who would move them, and finds them unutterably solid, though it is seen in the end that he does not altogether fail, has not lived quite in vain. . . . A certain drama of self-conquest is gone through, for the hero is not perfect. He is born of the upper class, and is scarcely believed in by any class, except when he vexes his own, and it is then to be hated. . . . the unfortunate young man is in danger of being thought dull save by those who can enter his idea of the advancement of humanity and his passion for it. In this he is a type. And I think his history a picture of the time—taking its mental action, and material ease and indifference, to be a necessary element of the picture."

How intently and seriously Meredith put himself to

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and in his work is evidenced in an unpublished letter of April, 1873:—

"I am at present too busy on 'Beauchamp's Career' to spend a day in town. . . . And it is already full to bursting—it and I. 'The world is too much with me' when I write. I cannot go on with a story and not feel that to treat of flesh and blood is to touch the sacred; and so it usually ends in my putting the destinies of the world about it—like an atmosphere, out of which it cannot subsist. So my work fails. I see it. But the pressure is on me with every new work. I fear that Beauchamp is worse than the foregoing in this respect. The centre idea catches hold of the ring of the universe, the dialogues are the delivery of creatures of this world, and the writing goodish. But altogether it will only appeal (so I fear) to them that have a taste for me; it won't catch the gudgeon world."

And yet the book abounds in good sayings from the popular point of view: "Property and titles are worth having, whether you are 'worthy of them' or a disgrace to your class". "Two men in this house would give their wives for pipes, if it came to the choice. We might all go for a cellar of old wine. After forty, men have married their habits, and wives are only an item in the list, and not the most important". "If Providence is to do anything for us it must have a seaworthy fleet for the operation". "He escapes . . . his nation's scourge, in the shape of a statue turned out by an English chisel".

There are also exquisite scenic descriptions—witness that of morning at sea under the Alps, near Venice; and that vivid, unforgettable picture where Beauchamp joins Renée in Normandy, and they ride through valley and wood till they come upon the little river with its poplars and rustic mill bright in the silver moonlight.

Some points open to criticism the story has—such as the failure of Beauchamp to mete out adequate punishment to his enemy, Cecil Baskett; the seemingly impossible behaviour (though founded on fact) of Everard Romfrey, Colonel Halkett, and other gentlemen, in permitting the private letter addressed to Beauchamp by Shrapnel to be read and ridiculed in public; and the author's method of relating main incidents in the story, like the flogging of Shrapnel and the death of Beauchamp, by the conversations of other characters instead of directly and fully in detail.

But such minor objections are forgotten in the fineness of the literary work; in Meredith's clear, sane outlook upon life, in the essential robustness of his views upon international affairs and man's duty to man. Here, in this book, he writes primarily for men and of women in an exquisite way. Singularly subtle is the creation of Renée's personality—half beneficent, half malign star when in conjunction with the exemplar's career. The problem of Beauchamp's relations with the four women who not so much influenced as intertwined his life is of absorbing interest; and the tragedy of his loss of Cecilia Halkett—one of the most lovable characters in Meredith's great gallery of female portraiture—brings a sense of personal regret rarely experienced in the reading of fiction.

Futile was Beauchamp in his wooing—"too late"—of Cecilia, and futile in his death. Pathos and tragedy here in full measure. What a flash of genius illumines that last scene by Hamble river: the drowned Beauchamp and the muddy, snivelling urchin he died to save—"This is what we have in exchange for Beauchamp". Poignant, splendid futility in excelsis.

AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE.

"History of Upper Assam, Upper Burmah, and North-Eastern Frontier." By L. W. Shakespear. Macmillan. 10s. net.

TO write a regulation history of such a country as Assam would be altogether a too thankless task. Its earlier records are left to us only in the shape of some few rock or copper-plate inscriptions and in a host of more or less trustworthy native traditions. Were the various known facts to be pieced together they would comprise little but long lists of

successive rulers and misrulers, dates of invasions and counter-invasions. In Colonel Shakespear's book, however, there are but six chapters of historical matter, pure and simple, and these deal, clearly and lightly, with the chronicles of the country from the time of the first Kachari settlement to the end of the Burmese war and the resulting British occupation.

A more chequered existence than that of the once glorious Ahoms it would be hard to imagine, and a sadder and more hopeless lot than is theirs at the present day can scarcely be pictured. From their hill-cradle in North-Eastern Burmah they descended to conquer and to rule the Brahmaputra Valley. Full of a fine vigour, they came into the hot and steamy plains, and evolved a civilisation and an empire which lasted for six hundred years. In a land where all but the most enduring landmarks are yearly washed out, burnt away, or grown over, their architecture, their great roads, and their tanks still remain. Seeing these indelible signs of a former age, we can only marvel at the force of climatic conditions that has turned a hardy race of empire builders into a people of tea-garden Babus and feeble agriculturists. Tillers of the soil, we cannot, indeed, call them. Rather than do one honest day's work themselves, they will employ a coolie for two, the while they dream over the greatness of their ancestors and the legendary splendours of the past. Of pleasant and courteous bearing, they keep their own pride of race, yet, strangely enough, still respect the descendants of those who in remoter years ruled over them. The writer of this review well remembers, in this connection, how he saw an Assamese Brahmi grovelling on his face in the dust before one of the Gohains of Assam, who took little more notice of him than he would of a harmless insect—or a coolie.

For this unhappy people it was the irony of fate that the Burmese, summoned over the Patkoi Hills by the Assamese ruler for aid in his divided and tormented kingdom, should have practically completed the disruption they were to have mended. When at last they retired into their own country, taking thousands of Assamese slaves in their train, then at last did the Government of British India decide to take over the whole province and to save such scattered relics as were left by their own short-sighted policy. Yet even now, in spite of the safety and protection that Western rule affords, the Ahoms are not allowed to become quietly extinct at their own time. Slowly but surely they are retreating before the Nepaulese and the encroachments of ex-coolies from the tea-gardens, who year by year are occupying more and more of their wonderful country and turning it into paddi-fields. Who knows but what, one day, such remnants as may be left will pass away into the hills on a silent trek, like the Shan priests when they leave their monastery on the Dehing River to return to their old land and kin?

For the rest, Colonel Shakespear's book is almost entirely devoted to the doings and misdoings of the little-known tribes living in and behind the rampart of hills skirting both sides of the Brahmaputra Valley, and of the even less known tribes of North-Eastern Burmah. Page by page, with most convincing candour and exactitude, the author brings before us the vast capacity of the British Raj for ruling these wild men to their inestimable good, and, also, the tardy, hesitating way in which it has gone about its work. When wealthy Naga communities should have been severely punished for their bloodthirsty traits, they have, at times, been practically prayed to be good, or fined a mere handful of rupees. When punitive expeditions have tried to penetrate the fastnesses of the Abors, they, in small numbers, hampered by political officers and the irresolute counsels of those who have set eyes on neither Naga nor Abor, have time after time merely achieved failure and given suspicion of our weakness, instead of proving the right to govern and to exact punishment. If, at last, we are at peace with our head and cattle-hunting neigh-

hours, it is at the cost of many lives unnecessarily sacrificed.

Despite their unpleasant habits, each of these hill tribes is interesting to study, and the glimpses which the book gives, among the trying though unavoidable details of expeditionary marches, of their life and customs are extremely fascinating. Under discipline and strict training most of them would appear to be capable of producing useful members of civilisation. It is said, indeed, by Ahoms, Nagas, Mikirs, Khasis, and others, that their first notions of the art of deceit were gained from association with the peoples of the plains. At any rate, it is certain that among themselves some of them are honest. Mikirs, for instance, store their grain in open granaries miles away from their *chungs* (houses) without the least fear of theft—an unimaginable state of affairs in the lowland paddy-fields—yet when one of them descends to deal in the valleys it would be difficult for him to do so honestly.

It would be hard, probably, to find anyone who has had better chances for studying the North-Eastern Frontier than Colonel Shakespear, of the Military Police. Exploring civilians are liable to be rudely hauled back by the watchful authorities, and told that it is not their heads that matter, but the dread expense of avenging an outrage on British prestige. Between Assam and Burmah there are still huge tracts of "unadministered territory" inhabited by mysterious tribes, one of which, by the way, has been given the vague though convenient title of "Singphos", or, very simply, "men". The author, however, has penetrated to most of the regions of which he writes, and he describes them with a clearness born of first-hand knowledge. It would have been interesting had he enlarged more on what is in Assam called "the Chinese Peril"—the primary reason, perhaps, of the presence of the Military Police. Two or three times in history the Chinese have, with colossal armies, made stupendous marches through the most difficult countries, quietly achieved their objects, and retired again. If, some day, Assam is invaded, whether it be in this abrupt manner or by stealthy, creeping advances down the Lohit Valley, we may at all events be confident that the once despised Military Police will give fair warning of the danger and a splendid account of themselves later.

MR. ANSTEY'S ALCHEMY.

"Percy and Others." By F. Anstey. Methuen. 6s.

THE little brown bear at the Zoo, with a perpetual appetite for buns, must sometimes be a sadly disappointed little bear. But, with the right optimistic spirit, he continues to hope, and, as each bun arrives, he thinks, "This is going to be The Bun. It will have a piquant flavour all its own, the currants will be many and well distributed, and the outside will be shiny and sticky and sweet". There are so many buns that are stale and flabby and flavourless and currantless. But sometimes there is The Bun, and for its sake it is worth while sampling all the rest. The spirit of the little bear is, we suggest, the right spirit in which to receive Mr. Anstey's book of short stories. Percy, the Bee, for instance, is very amusing—in parts. But we should not blame those excellent Bee-women, Martha and Emily, had they followed the course clearly marked out for them by Mr. Tickner Edwards, and cut short a little of dear Percy's garrulity. For those who like to imbibe facts under the guise of fiction this is an excellent opportunity for obtaining a lucid and complete initiation into the life and social economies of the Bee and Hive. Mr. Anstey is at his best in describing the feelings of the hunted fox and in recording the private reflections of an old parish clerk. As a humourist he achieves success by not attempting too much. He does not force the note. In this he is different from most other humourists, who get their effects mainly by picturesque

and often wearisome exaggeration. Mr. Anstey's lies in an artful naturalness and spontaneous ebullition of almost schoolboyish animal spirits. And he can extract fun from the most unpromising material even from the bones of prehistoric mammoths. His gift is that of the alchemist. The material is there—he touches it, and transmutes it into humour.

WITHIN THE SANCTUARY.

"A Day of God." By the Bishop of London. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co. 1s. net.

"On Personal Service." By a "Headmaster." Wells Gardner, Darton and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

"In the Day of Battle." By the Bishop of Stepney. Longmans, Green and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

(REVIEWED BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.)

IT is not easy to review sermons. So much depends upon the personality of the preacher that cannot be translated to paper. Robbed of all that lawyers call "demeanour of the witness", the written word may appear almost jejune. Yet when spoken the same sermon may have been "sharper than any two-edged sword". As a rule a preacher must choose whether he will write for the larger congregation who will read and ponder what he writes, or whether he will feed the flickering lamps in the souls of those who listen. These methods usually demand different treatment. There are a few men, like Liddon, who can preach well and write well; but there is room for both functions, as exercised separately, in England, where the cloud of sorrow is spreading farther and farther afield each day.

There are few more magnetic personalities in England than that of the Bishop of London. One of his sermons, reprinted in "A Day of God", was preached from a service wagon at Bulswater Camp, and was repeated at Cowshot. It is said to have resulted in six battalions of Territorials volunteering for active service. A London editor, who read the sermon in the daily Press, wrote to the reviewer saying that he was "stirred through and through" by it. Those who know and love the Bishop of London can catch an echoing ring of his voice as they read the sermon, and yet they may feel that the force of his words was due to the speaker's personality, and to the fact that they were addressed to men already stirred by a great national danger—men only waiting for a whisper of the voice of God. Sympathy, sincerity, simplicity of thought—these appear to be the characteristics of one to whom not only London congregations but individual Londoners turn when they are in trouble. On this occasion the preacher was stirred deeply himself. "The whole foundation of morality and religion seem to be at stake" he writes in the preface of his book, and "these sermons are an attempt to raise my fellow-countrymen and to stimulate myself to play the man in the great day of God".

The "Headmaster" has remained anonymous. Therefore one is forced to judge his sermons without any knowledge of his personality. They are models of

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simplicity of thought and diction. As such they were calculated to reach the ear of that hypercritical but curiously susceptible person the English Public School boy. The Headmaster of one of the four great schools once warned the reviewer before preaching that only two subjects could not be mentioned in the College chapel. These were "athletics" and "imperial responsibilities". The school is athletic above the average. It has supplied many great and notable statesmen to the country. Probably because of these very things the "men" were hypersensitive with regard to subjects upon which they felt deeply. This reserve must be respected. Since the outbreak of hostilities there has been a fine exhibition of the Public School spirit, so there is no need to vindicate the loyalty and heroism of Public School boys. But "On Personal Service" was in the press before this country became "involved in the greatest war in history". The sermons, full of the vision of service, may therefore be assumed to have had their due effect. It is not very likely that fresh Public School boys or 'Varsity men will read them, although they are well worth reading. But they may be recommended as models for preachers who wish to speak faithfully to the young.

The Bishop of Stepney's sermons strike one as being the most suitable for quiet, devotional reading. With characteristic simplicity, Dr. Paget calls them "an attempt to seek the guidance of the Lord's Prayer with regard to the present war. The Prayer itself cannot mislead us". This is just the sort of thing that is valuable now. An old doctor who had passed through a time of great sorrow, and had received countless letters of sympathy, complained with a sort of surprise at the astounding absence of those special consolations which he believed all Christians accepted. It is not unlikely that others have noticed this as well as he. Was this due to a lack of Christian faith or to a deep shyness in speaking about such matters? Many who are distressed at their own inability to speak, even when they ache to say a word of consolation, may do far worse than send this little book to some friend whose son has made the great sacrifice that England may live.

LATEST BOOKS.

"The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte." By Philip W. Sargent. Stanley Paul. 16s.

This life of the Princess Mathilde is not a scandalous chronicle, but an able study of a clever and charming woman who suffered many misfortunes. First she had the misfortune to be the daughter of Jerome, the brother *furieusement jeune* of Napoleon Bonaparte. Next she had the misfortune to marry Demidoff, whose villainy she suffered with a rare courage till it passed all possible bounds, and she had to flee to the Tsar Nicholas. She had also the misfortune to be calumniated by spiteful "citizens", who hated her dynasty, remembering how she had sold her jewels to give Louis Napoleon his chance. Princess Mathilde would be rather a "thin" subject for those who wish to contemplate the licentiousness of her period. She was entirely faithful to Nieuwerkerke, the chivalrous master of the Louvre—the master who allowed De Musset the desire of his heart, which was to see "La Gioconda" by torchlight and alone. It was, of course, possible for odious gossips like Viel Castel to blacken her. There was once a career to be made out of slander. But no blackness could stick to the Princess, because everyone knew that, if the Princess had had a dozen lovers, she would have received them openly. Her taste was for manly frankness and intellectual conversation—also for the fine arts. She herself was a painter, and flew into the rage of her life when the insensible Persigny proposed to sell all the pictures in Paris. Her salon was one of the few in history that was entirely successful. Among the *Mathildiens* were Sainte-Beuve, Dumas, and Edmond de Goncourt; and among her frequenters she commanded respect and won an abiding friendliness. Mr. Sargent tells her story fairly and clearly, and it is a story well worth telling.

"Musicians of To-day." By Romain Rolland. Translated by Mary Blaiklock. Stanley Paul. 2s. 6d. net.

M. Rolland measures the world's music by the standards accepted on the boulevards. This is a form of provincialism, though the French musician would be gravely scandalised to hear his attitude so described. Yet another of M. Rolland's defects is one of method. He talks for victory. He insists

that you are ignorant, declares your views to be the opposite of what they happen to be, and triumphantly confutes you. Thus in the first pages of this little volume we are told we know nothing of Berlioz; we may imagine we understand him, but we really are hopelessly wrong. M. Rolland then vigorously puts us right, and he does it by giving us sixty pages of what we knew before—knew also to be partly true, partly false.

This is to be regretted. M. Rolland has insight and power of expression; and he is one of the few, very few, Parisian critics who are scrupulously honest. The French have produced little good musical criticism for the simple reason that there is no money for it. Concert and opera reports in the French press are almost without exception run largely on party lines. The present writer can always prophesy precisely what will be said about any new work of Debussy, Ravel, Fauré in certain papers; and one journal hails it as a masterpiece most of the others will point out its worthlessness. M. Rolland has always been an Ishmael, and the wonder is he has been allowed to write so much or at all.

This book was originally published some years ago, and for the war it might have had to wait a long time for translation. Miss Blaiklock seems to have achieved her task very well, but Rolland's style does not translate easily. He is purely French, and his critical style is pure Parisian; the "click" with which he brings off his points cannot be imitated in our tongue; nor can English a language in which pages of airy eloquence can be spun out of nothing. However, the volume is not expensive, and it may serve to reveal to English readers the attitude of the modern French musician towards the world's masterpieces. Some works that he classifies as masterpieces may make us stare, and not less surprising are the qualities which we see he considers great in the work of the universal composers. A man who can place Berlioz so high for inventive genius as M. Rolland does must remain a puzzle, almost a mystery, to an English musician or critic. His account of the revival of music in France has small interest for us. It is already considerably out of date.

"Paradise Terrestre." By C. M. Antony. Washbourne. 3s. 6d. net.

Love of beauty and devotion to high ideals of religion mark the twelve stories which Miss Antony has collected under the appropriate title of "Paradise Terrestre". In a preface written some months ago the late Monsignor Benson called attention to the author's fine gift of words and her powers of perception. Few readers of the book are likely to dispute his appreciation. Many graceful touches are here to raise the stories above the level of merely didactic literature, whilst occasional flashes of humorous relieve, without weakening, the writer's seriousness and sincerity. Miss Antony takes us to several pleasant places of the earth, and it says much for her devotion to a spiritual purpose that she is not bound by them. Perhaps it is in her descriptions of Italian scenes that she is happiest, but France, Switzerland, and East Anglia also provide opportunities for her pen. Having the ability "to see Heaven in a wild-flower," she seldom falls below the level of her best work.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

They Who Question; The Full Price (Lady Charnwood). Smith, Elder. 6s. each.
Lady Beaufoy (Kate Everest); The Sifted Few (Noel Fleming). Lynwood. 6s. each.
Time O'Day (D. E. Jones). Cassell. 6s.
The Sea-Hawk (R. Sabatini); The Dark Tower (F. Brett Young). Secker. 6s. each.
Lily Louisa (Mrs. S. Wrench); Enter An American (E. Crosby Heath); Forlorn Adventuress (A. and E. Castle). Methuen. 6s. each.
Grocer Greatheart (Arthur H. Adams). Lane. 6s.
Agnes (George Sandeman). Chatto. 6s.
Nicholas Simon (D. P. Macdonald). Hodder. 6s.

HISTORY AND ARCHEOLOGY.

Rival Sultanas (H. N. Williams). Hutchinson. 16s. net.
Frederick the Great and Kaiser Joseph (Harold Temperley). Duckworth. 5s. net.
Footfalls of Indian History (Sister Nivedita). Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.
Ancient and Medieval Architecture of India (E. B. Havell). Murray. 30s. net.

TRAVEL.

Forty Years in Canada (Col. S. B. Steele). Jenkins. 16s. net.
Brazil and the Brazilians (G. J. Bruce). Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

VERSE.

Welsh Poems and Ballads (Geo. Borrow). Jarrold. 15s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Artist and Public (Kenyon Cox). Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.
Bernard Shaw (P. P. Howe). Secker. 7s. 6d. net.
Essays of Joseph Addison (J. G. Fraser). Macmillan. 2 vols. 8s. net.
Marie Tarnowska (A. V. Chartres). Heinemann. 6s. net.
Study in Literature and History (Sir Alfred Lyall). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

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profits. Government, war, and Red Cross orders were always
supplied by their Company on special terms, which left only a
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working would have been considerably better were it not that there
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good-sized ox to make a dozen of the larger bottles of Bovril, it
was evident the higher cost of cattle must have seriously affected
the year's profits.

The appreciation of Bovril was not confined to the public at
home; out at the Front where our soldiers were so heroically
fighting Bovril was a first favourite. In this connection he wished
to mention the excellent work done by Miss Gladys Storey,
daughter of Mr. G. A. Storey, the Royal Academician. This lady
had most successfully organised a fund for supplying the Army in
France with Bovril. Her work had met with the warm approval
of the authorities, including General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien,
who, apropos of her recently published appeal headed "In Com-
memoration of Lord Roberts," wrote: "No suggestion has been
so practical as your offer to provide the men in the trenches with
Bovril, and such a project, bringing strength to our soldiers as it
will, would, I am sure, have met with the approval of our much-
regretted late Field-Marshal."

Having dealt with the figures of the balance-sheet, which
showed gross profit on trading £304,186, against £284,229 for
the previous period, and stocks of raw material, manufactured
products, etc., £282,614, cash at bank and on hand £42,349, and
trade debtors £176,926, he referred to the progress of Virol,
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year, and which, the directors reported, was doing an increasing
business with hospitals, consumption sanatoria, and public institu-
tions. In conclusion, he stated that there was not a single German
or alien enemy employed in their factories, either at home or
abroad. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted. A
resolution, which was moved by a shareholder at the meeting,
voting a hundred guineas to the funds of the Red Cross Society,
was agreed to, and the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to
the Chairman.

January 1915
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SOUTH-EASTERN & CHATHAM RAILWAYS.

Joint General Meeting of the proprietors of the South-Eastern and London, Chatham and Dover Railway Companies was held on Thursday at the Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. H. Cosmo O. Benson (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said: To-day, of course, we are working under arrangements with His Majesty's Government, and I think it is right to give you the whole history of the arrangements under the agreement; but, in the first place, I would wish to correct a misapprehension that has got about—I believe through some financial writers—that the Government had guaranteed the dividends to the separate companies. The Government made no guarantee whatever of dividends. What they really did guarantee was a reduction of income—a certain income, but a reduced income—out of which dividends could be paid. In view of the importance of the Government having the freest possible use of the railway systems and railway plant, it was very desirable that an arrangement as to the basis of compensation should be come to as early as possible, and that the arrangement should be such as to eliminate as far as possible any conflict of interest between individual companies and also to avoid all questions as to the services to be rendered by the railway companies in the war emergency and the charges due for such services. It was felt that the only arrangement that would be satisfactory in the circumstances was one under which the financial obligations and interests were, broadly speaking, transferred from the companies to the Government—namely, that the Government should get the benefit of all traffic receipts and bear the burden of the expenses, handing over a certain net revenue for distribution among the companies—and for the purpose of fixing this revenue it was thought that the net receipts of 1913 afforded a fair basis. The Government, however, thought that there were indications of a falling off in trade altogether apart from the war and, therefore, stipulated that if the aggregate net receipts of the companies taken over for the first half of 1914 proved to be less than their net receipts for the first half of 1913 the compensation payable should be reduced proportionately. This was agreed to although it was known that on some lines the receipts in the first half of 1914 had been higher than in the corresponding months of 1913—as was the case with the Managing Committee. The effect of the proviso is to reduce the amount of compensation by about 2½ per cent. This agreement got rid of all questions between the companies and the Government as to charges for transportation services. As between the companies themselves, the arrangement amounted to a "pool" of all receipts, including the Government payment, on the basis of the net receipts of the individual companies in the corresponding period of 1913. I consider that the bargain was a fair one all round, but it is only right to state that when it was made no one in the railway interest had in contemplation the very large number of military moves which have taken place and the larger number that may probably still take place. The Executive Committee have exercised their powers entirely in the direction of general administration, so as to interfere as little as possible with the actual management of the railways by the individual companies. I hesitate to think of what would have occurred to railway shareholders if the matter of settling the compensation had been postponed and subject to arbitration as it is defined in the Act. I cannot leave the subject of the agreement between the Government and the railway companies without saying a word on the excellent management of the Executive Committee. They in the time of peace had arranged plans for the mobilisation of His Majesty's forces, and if other Departments of the State had been equally prepared we should all have been happier to-day. The Executive Committee have had great responsibilities thrown upon them, and the work they have done has been, I might say, extraordinary. During the first week or ten days not a single body of troops waited for a train. The train was always ready to wait for the troops, and the trains when they started always ran up to the scheduled time. Our General Manager, Mr. Dent, owing to the fact of our close connection with the foreign railways, the Chemin de Fer du Nord and the Belgian State lines, has had special responsibilities thrown upon him. Some day I shall be able to give you the history of the work he has done. To-day I will only say that he is doing it with the full confidence of our Committee. The Government at once took over the ports of Dover and Newhaven, and the Ostend, the Calais and the Dieppe services, in addition to those already existing between Boulogne and Flushing, had to be moved to Folkestone. You will recollect that at the time of the competition between the South-Eastern and the Chatham Companies the South-Eastern Company had commenced the improvements at Folkestone Harbour. When the Managing Committee took over the harbour they considered that those works should proceed and be completed, and I may say that it is extremely fortunate for all our interests that that was done. Folkestone Harbour has proved a great national asset at the time of this emergency. There is one other subject I must mention on the question of the war. We, as directors, thought that certain obligations were thrown upon us. In the first place, as regards our employees who were called to the colours, we had some 2,000 men who were called out or who enlisted; and here I must say that we can spare no more. We at once thought—and I am sure you will agree with me—that it was our duty as employers to see that none of the dependents of those 2,000 people who were called out should have pecuniary embarrassments added to their anxieties. We have commenced, naturally, no new work on capital expenditure since the war commenced, and consequently we know pretty well that we are well in hand as regards our financial arrangements.

HOME AND COLONIAL STORES.

THE 20th Annual General Meeting of shareholders of the Home and Colonial Stores, Ltd., was held yesterday at the offices of the Company, 4, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C., Mr. W. Capel Slaughter (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Assistant Secretary (Mr. G. F. Faro) read the notice convening the meeting and the Auditors' certificate.

The Chairman said that in times like these it was particularly gratifying to the Board to be able to present to the shareholders a report and balance-sheet of so satisfactory a character. The accounts showed that the net profits for the year were £225,829, to which must be added the amount brought forward, £27,731, making a total of £253,560. That total sum had been dealt with as follows:—In payment of the dividend on the 6 per cent. preference shares and 15 per cent. on the cumulative preference stock and ordinary stock, absorbing £123,600; placed to reserve £40,000, leaving a balance of £89,960. That balance the Board proposed should be disposed of in the following manner: in payment of a dividend of 25 per cent. on the "A" ordinary shares, £25,000; in appropriation to the Company's Sick Fund, £2,000; to the special bonus to the branch staff, £25,000; and in carrying forward, £37,960. Up to the time of the outbreak of war the volume of the company's sales showed an increase over the previous year, but a larger increase in that volume had taken place since the war commenced. It was only natural that the shareholders should expect from him some statement as to how the business of the company had been affected by the war. As the report told them, at the outbreak of war—indeed, the outbreak itself led to apprehensions on the part of some of the public as to the maintenance of the food supply of the country; and that fact caused a dislocation of business and led some people who had fears to make what the company considered were unnecessarily heavy purchases; and that had the effect of making the market prices advance unnecessarily and to an unreasonable degree. The Board at that time were compelled to sit in almost continuous session—they had never had to tackle so much work before and he hoped that they would never have to tackle work of that kind again. They did their very best to endeavour to allay alarm among the public by refusing to unduly raise the prices ruling at their branches. That the Board were justified in that course was demonstrated by the return, after a comparatively short period, of market prices, with the exception of sugar, to what might be considered as fairly normal conditions. It was true that during the last few weeks the retail prices had again shown an upward tendency in consequence of higher market prices. That was so particularly in regard to cheese because of the substantial requirements of our troops since the outbreak of war, and also in tea consequent on the increase of the duty; but unless something unexpected happened he did not look for the prices of provisions, or even of tea, to advance much beyond their present rate. No doubt they had all read the statement of the Prime Minister last night in the House of Commons with regard to the consideration—the very careful consideration—which the Government had given to the question of food prices; and one could not help feeling gratification at the decision of the Government in this connection. He would now pass on to the proposal of the Board with regard to the branch employees. He would like, however, to preface his remarks on this subject by stating that the directors had always been proud of the excellent relations existing between themselves and the branch staff. He had consistently referred to this at the annual meetings of the Company during the whole of the twenty-seven years of his chairmanship. His colleagues and himself fully appreciated the importance of maintaining those good relations, and as occasion offered they had taken the opportunity of giving their staff practical evidence of their desire to study their welfare. As examples of this attitude on the part of the Board, he would mention that early in April last they decided to relieve the branch managers of the responsibility for the custody of cash after business hours. And again in July last the Board resolved that, beginning with the current year, the Company would pay the guarantee premiums which the employees had hitherto paid themselves; while still more recently the Board arranged that the full week's wages should be paid to the staff on Fridays, and that arrangement had proved to be a very great convenience to the staff in making their domestic arrangements. These details might not appear to the shareholders to be important matters, but he assured them that they were received by the staff with expressions of genuine gratitude, and the Board were so convinced of the contentment of their staff with the conditions of their services that when they decided to submit to the shareholders the proposals outlined in the report they also decided to abolish the Radium Clause in the Service Agreements signed by their managers, and they had no doubt that its abolition would be appreciated as a further proof of goodwill and confidence. The staff had responded splendidly to the call for recruits, and there were now serving with the Colours over 400 good men and true who were Home and Colonial employees. Those men were at present the Company's employees, because their places would be kept open for them at the close of the war. (Hear, hear.) The chairman said that the arrangements which he had proposed would affect the interests of the "A" shareholders more immediately, and he was pleased to say that of the total of those shareholders about 75 per cent. had written to the Company expressing their approval of the proposal, and he might add that not one of those shareholders had expressed any objection. In conclusion, the chairman moved the adoption of the report and accounts, the payment of the dividends on the "A" shares as set out in the report, and also authorising the Board to carry out the arrangements which he had proposed in regard to the staff.

Sir Charles E. G. Philipps, Bart., seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

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